



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

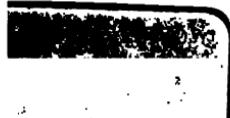
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

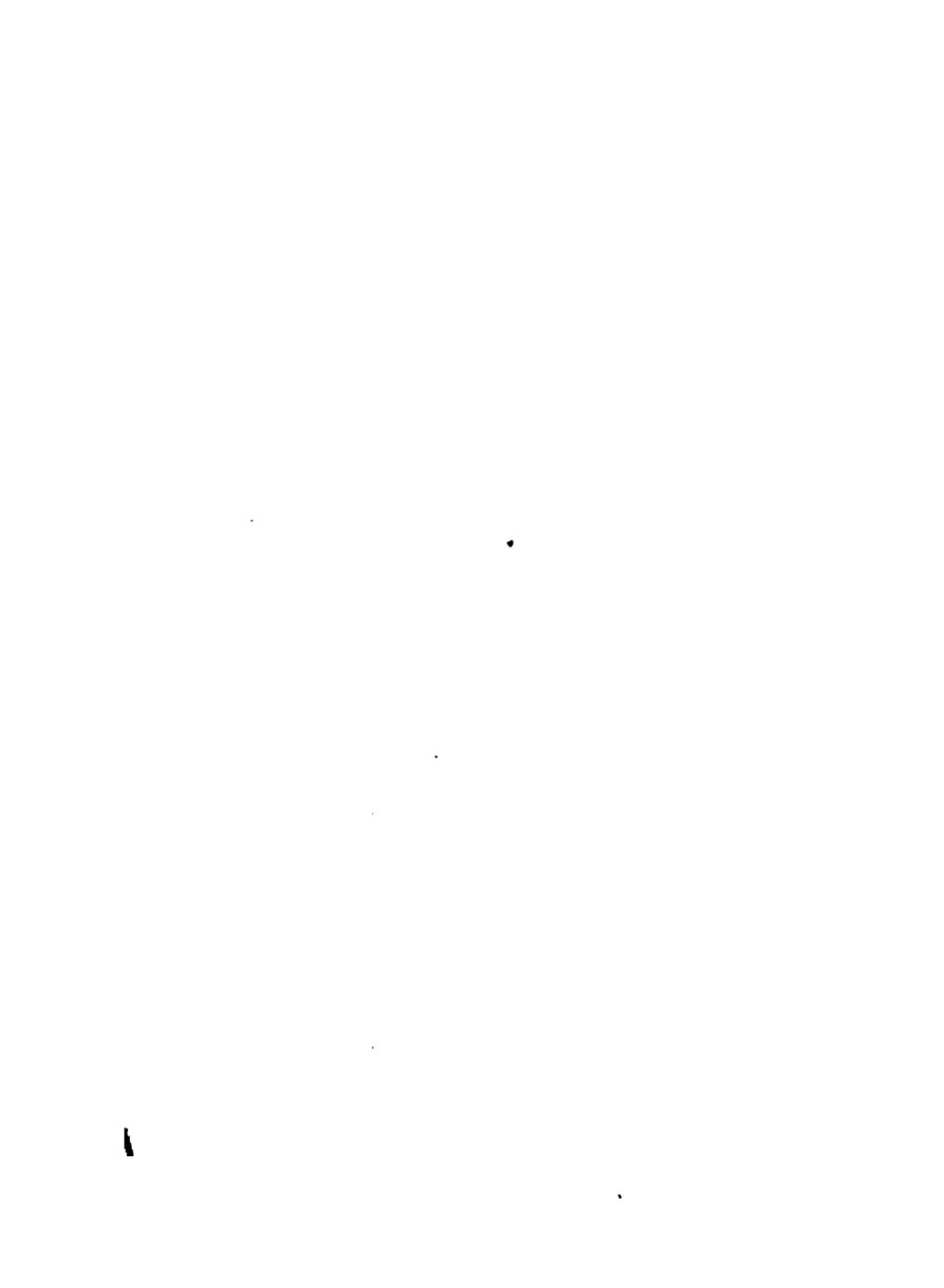
THE YOUNG GOVERNESS

A TALE FOR GIRLS



600058193W









Arrival of the Young Governess.—*Page 3.*

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

A TALE FOR GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'GERTY AND MAY,' 'OUR WHITE VIOLET,'
'SUNNY DAYS,' ETC.

With Illustrations by G. Paterson.



LONDON:
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

M D C C C L X X I I I .

250. 9. 165.

**MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.**



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
MARTHA,	I
CHAPTER II.	
ELEANOR,	15
CHAPTER III.	
SCHOOL-ROOM DISCIPLINE,	30
CHAPTER IV.	
THE TRIO IN A,	43
CHAPTER V.	
MAMMIE CHATTE,	64
CHAPTER VI.	
GERTY,	79
CHAPTER VII.	
LEARNING HER PLACE,	89

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
FEMALE LOGIC,	105
CHAPTER IX.	
GERTY'S 'YES,'	122
CHAPTER X.	
ADELAIDE'S NEW FRIEND,	136
CHAPTER XI.	
INVITATION TO PARKSTONE,	153
CHAPTER XII.	
KING LEAR,	163
CHAPTER XIII.	
THE PICNIC,	174
CHAPTER XIV.	
A CRISIS,	186
CHAPTER XV.	
MARTHA'S ROMANCE,	195
CHAPTER XVI.	
LIGHT BREAKS IN,	205
CHAPTER XVII.	
PARTING,	216
CHAPTER XVIII.	
A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD,	223



THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

MARTHA.

‘**A** NEW governess! I wonder what she is like!’ thought Eleanor Clere to herself, as she sat on the school-room window-seat in the twilight, watching a carriage drive up the Manor sweep. ‘How hateful it is to be always changing governesses! Mamma is very hard to please. I was so comfortably settled with Miss Budd, and before that with Mademoiselle Luneville; and now here is a third, whom I daresay I shall not like at all. I don’t think I shall; the name is so ugly, to begin with: Miss Martha

A

Smyth! So common! it gives one a dislike to her, beforehand. I know exactly what sort of person she will be; tall, and scraggy, and prim, dressed in governess green silk, with a black cape and a long boa. No doubt she is a crabbed old maid!' And with this pleasing idea Eleanor regaled herself, till a ring at the hall door gave notice of an arrival.

'Please, Miss Eleanor, you are wanted in the drawing-room,' said Annie, the school-room maid, coming in.

'Is it the governess, Annie?'

'Yes, Miss,' replied Annie with a smile.

'Did you see her?'

'Yes, Miss Eleanor.'

'What is she like? Why do you smile? What is it?'

'Please, Miss,' replied Annie, trying to speak gravely, but quite unable to do so, 'she's deformed!'

'Oh!' groaned Eleanor, as the vision of an ill-favoured, irritable being for a daily companion for the next twelve months rose before her. She remembered having heard an old nurse say, that deformed persons were always sour,—that their

affliction made them so; and unjust as this sweeping censure was, Eleanor believed it. As she descended, slowly and reluctantly, to the drawing-room, a determined prejudice against Miss Martha Smyth took possession of her mind.

It was still dusk, and the lights had not been brought in. Eleanor could not see much as she walked towards the sofa on which Lady Clere reclined, except a little figure, muffled up in a grey cloak of antique appearance, and an unfashionable bonnet, which nearly shrouded her features from view. She was sitting on a chair near the sofa, with a travelling-bag on her lap.

‘Eleanor, love,’ said Lady Clere languidly, ‘your new governess, Miss Smyth.’

Eleanor looked and bowed, but did not advance farther. The old-maidish attire of the lady increased her prejudice, and she already decided in her own mind that there could never be anything but stiffness between them. She was a little surprised at the pleasant voice which came from beneath the ugly bonnet:

‘We shall soon be good friends, I hope.’

Eleanor looked again at the speaker, and now discerned a pale face with a very sweet expres-

sion, and a pair of dark liquid eyes, which looked as if there were some deep mine of sadness within.

'I hope so,' said Lady Clere politely, but stiffly. To say the truth, she was herself rather annoyed that the governess she had engaged was deformed. She had not been told this by the friend whom she had commissioned to procure for Eleanor an instructress who should be 'thoroughly well informed, accomplished, and refined.' This, in Lady Clere's opinion, embraced all that was desirable in a governess. It had not occurred to her to make any conditions as to her personal appearance. 'However,' she thought to herself, 'it does not so very much signify. She can be kept altogether in the background. I do not suppose she will desire anything else, poor thing!' And with the feeling that she was really very compassionate and self-sacrificing, Lady Clere consoled herself.

'You will be glad of something to eat after your journey,' she said, addressing Miss Smyth. 'Eleanor, my love, take Miss Smyth up-stairs, and order tea in the school-room. You need not come down to-night; we have people to dinner. Ring for Adèle as you pass the bell.'

Miss Smyth rose and thanked Lady Clere, and

then followed Eleanor through the hall and up the broad staircase, along a great oak-panelled corridor with painted glass windows on one side and many doors on the other. As they passed, one of these suddenly opened, and an elegant-looking personage appeared, with long flowing ringlets, and a blue silk dress flounced up to the waist. She swept by, making a graceful bend to Eleanor, who walked first ; and as she caught sight of Martha she started, stared, coloured, and then, with a scornful sort of smile, passed on. Martha coloured also, but took no notice.

‘This way,’ said Eleanor, as she opened a door at the end of the gallery, and ascended some winding stairs to a large octagonal room, well fitted up for study. ‘This is the school-room. Your room is at the top of the turret. Annie will show it you.’

She rang, and Annie came in with lights.

‘Show Miss Smyth to her room,’ said Eleanor in rather a dictatorial manner, ‘and bring tea.’ She walked to the fire and poked it. ‘Why are there no coals again, Annie? This is the second time to-day you have forgotten them. Very careless !’

Martha saw that Eleanor was accustomed to rule in the school-room. She saw, too, with that quick sensitiveness which often accompanies deformity, that she herself was already an object of dislike, and that Eleanor was determined not to take more notice of her than she could help.

‘Up here, Miss,’ said Annie; and Martha followed her wearily up a steep flight of corkscrew stairs to a little room at the top of the turret,—very dingy, very dreary-looking, with a small square window and sloping roof, and neither carpet nor curtains, and, to judge from the forlorn appearance of the half-whitewashed walls, rather damp. There was a little fire-place in one corner, plainly not intended to be used, for it was quite rusty, and there were neither fire-irons nor fender. The furniture was of the commonest description: indeed, as Annie privately owned to herself, the rooms of the upper servants at Clereton Manor were every way more comfortable.

‘I should be very glad of my carpet-bag, if you could kindly bring it me,’ said Martha, in a tired voice, as Annie turned to go. She did not seem to notice the want of comfort in her room, or the maid’s uncivil manner.

‘I can’t carry luggage up them stairs,’ answered Annie roughly. ‘James must do it when he comes in.’

‘Oh, very well,’ replied Martha. ‘Never mind ; I should be sorry to give any trouble.’

Annie was touched at the way in which this was said, and answered more civilly :

‘If it’s only the carpet-bag you want, I could fetch that.’

‘Thank you,’ said Martha, ‘that is all. I should be so much obliged.’

The pleasant smile which accompanied the words won upon Annie ; and as she ran down-stairs, she thought to herself, ‘She speaks like a lady, however.’ She quickly returned with the bag, followed by a groom with the other boxes, grumbling all the way. He set them down outside the door, saying to Annie, with a sneer :

‘Tant my place to be carrying governesses’ boxes, I reckon.’

‘Hush, can’t you?’ said Annie sharply. ‘She aint far short of a lady, I know, for all that.’

The man laughed, and went down to the servants’ hall to tell the servants that Annie (who was rather an object of persecution among them, from her

being very simple) had fallen in love with the crooked governess.

The door had not been quite shut ; and as Annie entered with the packages, she saw tears in Martha's eyes. 'Poor thing ! it hurted her, I daresay,' she thought ; and moved with compassion, she offered in a kind manner to uncord the boxes. 'You're tired, Miss,' she said, looking at the pale, drooping figure seated on the bed.

Martha was quite deformed : a fall in childhood had been the cause, from the effects of which she had never recovered ; it had injured her health materially, and she was a constant though silent sufferer.

'Yes,' she answered, 'a long journey is always tiring.'

The school-room bell rang violently at this moment.

'That's Miss Eleanor, for me,' said Annie ; 'I must run, she don't like waiting.'

'Thank you, quite as much,' replied Martha, 'but I can do the rest myself ; I will not keep you.'

Annie departed ; and Martha closing the door, sank on her knees beside the bed, and resting her tired head against it, lifted her heart for a few moments to One whom she had long since found

to be her only Rest. None but He knew the sorrows of that heart ; none, well-nigh, but He, cared for them. Alone, homeless, poor, despised, afflicted ; thrown upon strangers, who considered it a condescension and a charity to employ her for the sake of her talents ; keenly, indeed, she felt it all. But trial had taught her to go 'to the Strong for strength : ' that strength which is 'made perfect in weakness' she had sought and found. Martha had learnt the secret of inward peace. She lifted her heart now, not in complaint, but in thankfulness ; for dreary as her lot promised to be, she looked at the blessings in it, only. She thanked God for providing for her ; for giving her work to do for Him ; for her safe journey ; for Annie's kindness. She asked His blessing on the duties before her, and His guidance in the fulfilment of them ; and rose from her knees with the helpful thought, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

Eleanor, meanwhile, was differently occupied in the school-room. She scolded Annie sharply for delaying so long ; and then feeling discontented with herself and all the world, threw herself into an arm-chair, with her feet on the fender, to finish the

novel on which she had been feeding her mind the greater part of the day. She felt quite cross when Annie announced that the tea was ready, and asked if she should tell the governess. 'Yes, you had better,' she answered shortly, without looking off her book.

'Please, Miss, the tea is ready,' said Annie, knocking at Martha's door.

Martha opened it.

'Thank you, I shall be down directly.'

Annie lingered.

'Is there anything I could do for you, Miss?' she asked, half angry with herself for paying so much attention to a governess, and yet unable to resist some indefinable attraction towards Martha.

'If you would be so kind as to put these things into the drawers,' said Martha, 'I should be very glad; but not if you have anything else you ought to do.'

Annie curtseyed as she passed; and then going into the forlorn little room, revolved within her mind what she could do to make it more comfortable. 'It's a shame to put a lady in such a room,' she soliloquized. 'She is a lady, sure enough, more of one than that airified Ma'amselle ever was.

I'm sorry now I laughed about her. I shouldn't like to have such an affliction myself. Let's see, not so much even as a white toilet! Catherine might have had more manners. Not a bit of curtain to the window either; and there's a cracked pane, too! Well, my lady aint to be blamed, for she don't know how the governesses are served; it's no thing to trouble her elegant head about. There's a bit of drugget in that cupboard on the stairs; but I suppose I should never hear the last of it from Catherine if I put it here. Well, I'll do what I can. Poor thing! she's a sweet delicate look about her, for all she's humpbacked.'

Thus Annie's thoughts ran on as she arranged the clothes in the drawers, and finally set off in quest of a white toilet-cover, with a broken soap-dish in her hand, to change it for her own, in great dread of meeting Catherine, the under-house-maid, whose place it was to see to such things. Fortunately, however, Catherine was not in the way, and Annie succeeded in her intentions; but do what she would, she could not make the little room at the top of the turret less small and low, or less damp. She did not dare to light a fire in it; such a thing might cost her her place if it

came to the housekeeper's ears. A fire for the governess! Annie shrugged her shoulders, and in her heart thanked goodness she was a servant, and not a governess, as she descended again to answer the school-room bell.

‘You can take away,’ said Eleanor, rising from the table without the smallest idea of giving thanks for the meal. She saw that Martha stood for a moment before she moved away. ‘Fancy saying grace after tea!’ thought Eleanor. ‘Dear, I hope she is not one of those over-religious people! they are always so disagreeable!’ She felt more than ever prejudiced. Martha saw it, though there was no indication that she did. Eleanor had hardly vouchsafed a word to her during tea. Martha had made one or two attempts to converse, but they did not succeed; and as the tea-things were cleared away, Eleanor, taking up her book, said coldly: ‘If you like reading, Miss Smyth, there are a good many books on those shelves: perhaps you will find one to interest you.’ And without a thought of the weariness which a long journey was likely to have occasioned, and which Martha’s pale looks plainly showed, she seated herself in the only easy-chair in the room, and was soon engrossed in her book.

Martha went to the bookcase, and took down a volume. She could not read, however ; her head ached, and her mind was fully and painfully occupied. She drew a chair to the table, and, leaning her head on her hand, fell into a reverie on other days and scenes. The duties before her were strange and new to her. She had never made trial of them. Her life hitherto had been very differently spent. A sigh escaped her, as her thoughts wandered back to a happy childhood, and to dear ones she had loved, whom she should see no more on earth. She was almost alone in the world, now. Eleanor heard the sigh ; and judging it to be a sign of low spirits and an unhappy temper, pitied herself. Ten o'clock struck, and Eleanor showed no intention of laying aside her book ; and she was rather astonished when Martha, coming to the fireplace, said, 'What is your usual bed-time, my dear ?'

The quiet authority of her manner awed Eleanor, in spite of her indignation, into replying reluctantly, 'Nine used to be.' She did not add, as she might have done, that she had never yet thought of going to bed at that hour ; for she had been accustomed to have her own way with her governesses.

‘It has struck ten,’ replied Martha. ‘Your mamma particularly spoke about your not sitting up late. Where is your room? will you show it me, that I may know where to find you?’

Eleanor silently took a light from the table, and led the way to her bed-room, which opened from one side of the turret. It was a large, luxurious apartment, with a blazing fire, and every imaginable comfort.

‘Can I do anything for you?’ asked Martha, though she was ready to sink with fatigue.

‘Thank you; I have a maid,’ Eleanor answered coldly. ‘Good night.’

‘Your light must be out at half-past ten, my dear,’ said Martha, who saw that Eleanor had brought her novel with her. ‘I will look in then, and say good night.’

‘How very disagreeable! What business is it of hers?’ thought Eleanor, as she gave a violent pull at her bell, to summon a little pert, gipsy-looking maid, who just then entered. She passed Miss Smyth in the doorway, almost pushing against her, which Eleanor saw, but was in no mood to reprove. As Martha closed the door, she heard Florence say, with a laugh, ‘Miss Eleanor, what a figure!’



CHAPTER II.

ELEANOR.

ELEANOR CLERE was just fifteen ; pretty, talented, and very much spoilt. Her disposition was generous and affectionate, but she was extremely self-willed. Impatience, the bane of all that is good in a character, was the leading feature in hers. She was impatient of control, impatient of difficulty ; impatient, in fact, of everything except what exactly suited her.

It had grown up with her, unchecked. Her father saw it ; but what man looks on impatience as a fault ? It was only his darling's high spirit. Her mother saw it ; but Lady Clere was a nervous invalid, and really could not trouble herself with the caprice of a child : it was the governesses' business. The governesses saw it and felt it ; but they, though not

nervous invalids, were nervous at the prospect of losing their situation if they resisted it; and the great weed grew, and increased, and took deeper root every day. The result was, that by the time Eleanor had reached the age of fifteen, she had learned to be thoroughly dissatisfied with everything and everybody about her. This so-called high spirit not unseldom ends in a very mean spirit; for impatience unchecked leads by degrees to selfishness, prejudice, and manifold littlenesses. Eleanor, though surrounded with every outward comfort and enjoyment, was never happy; wherever she was, whatever she did, there was always something amiss, something unsatisfactory. She had a keen, tenacious, sensitive spirit; nothing escaped her notice; and, as is often the case, her young unformed mind, acute and wayward, and wholly unguided, drew its own hasty conclusions and false judgments, to its own misery. 'My love, you are very fastidious,' was her mother's frequent remark, and the only reproof her discontent ever received. It never occurred to Eleanor that she herself was the cause of her own dissatisfaction. She would not have believed it, perhaps, if she had been told so.

‘Miss Smyth is waiting breakfast in the school-room, please, Miss Eleanor,’ said Annie, knocking at Eleanor’s door at eight o’clock the next morning. Eleanor was not up.

‘She had better not wait for me,’ was the reply; ‘I shall not be dressed for an hour. Oh dear!’ and she stretched her arms out lazily. ‘Send Florence to me, and have my breakfast ready at nine, as usual. Really,’ she added to herself, ‘I think Miss Smyth need not have sent to call me. So impertinent! Just like last night! It is rather taking upon herself!’

It was half-past nine before Eleanor made her appearance in the school-room, where Martha had already been for two hours. Her breakfast had been cleared away, and Eleanor’s succeeded, and ten o’clock struck before there was any prospect of lessons.

‘My dear, these are not good habits,’ said Martha gently, as she laid aside her book when Eleanor had finished her breakfast. ‘Are you accustomed to rise so late, or is it an accident?’

‘I have no particular time for rising,’ Eleanor answered carelessly. ‘Miss Budd, my last governess, was not strong, and did not rise early.’

'I shall be able to do so. I have always been used to it,' replied Martha. 'I think, my dear, you must try to get into the way of rising earlier, it is better both for body and mind. You have good health, I think?'

'Yes,' answered Eleanor sulkily.

'You should turn it to account while it is given you,' said Martha. 'It is such a pity, too, to lose some of the best hours of every day. I should like you to be in the school-room at eight always. Do not you think you can?'

'I don't know,' replied Eleanor, with an inward determination to do nothing of the kind. 'I have not been accustomed to it.'

'You will try,' was the reply in a firm tone, which showed Eleanor that Martha intended it should be done. 'And having settled this, my dear, the studies must begin regularly at half-past eight: that will give you four clear hours in the morning. The school-room dinner is at one, I suppose?'

'Yes, it is,' answered Eleanor stiffly. She did not at all admire Martha's taking things into her own hands in this way. Eleanor was clever, and did not dislike study; but she was excessively

indolent. She hated exertion in the morning, above all things, and had always managed to have her own way about it. She was resolved to try for it now, and observed, 'I always practise in the morning.'

'You are fond of music?'

'Yes, very; I like it better than anything. I generally give the morning to it.'

'*Your* morning,' said Martha, smiling, 'which seems to consist of two hours!'

Eleanor would not smile.

'If you have a taste for music, two hours a day is very good practice; but it is too large a proportion of time for that one thing, unless you can rise earlier, and give more time to other studies. You go out, I suppose, in the afternoon?'

'Yes; I generally go out riding with papa. I hate walking. I very seldom go out for a walk, unless it is with my friend Gerty.'

The information was a great relief to Martha, who dreaded this part of a governess's duty. Much walking was a painful exertion to her.

'When do you come in?' she asked.

'Not regularly, of course. Sometimes at four, sometimes at five, or thereabouts. Just as I like,' she added, in an offhand way.

‘And then,’ asked Martha, ‘what time have you been accustomed to give to lessons in the evening?’

‘That rather depends. If there are visitors (unless they are young people), I have tea in the school-room, and play in the evening, or read, or what I like. If there is nobody, I go down to tea with mamma, and accompany papa on the flute.’

‘You do not seem to have been in the habit of giving much of the day to study,’ said Martha, who thought this a very idle life, compared with her own in the school-room at the same age.

Eleanor knew it was, but did not see fit to acquiesce. She answered, ‘Oh, it is quite enough in the country! I make up for it when we go to London in the spring. I have masters then, and am obliged to work.’

‘You do not consider that you are obliged to work with your governess?’

‘Not in the same sort of way. Now, am I?’ half apologetically.

‘Don’t you think so?’ inquired Martha. ‘It is the first thing you have to learn, then.’ She spoke so archly, and with such a pleasant smile, that Eleanor could not feel angry, though dignity whispered that she ought. She was obliged un-

willingly to own that there was something superior in Martha ; and though determined not to like her, or to agree with her in anything, she felt that Martha was a person not to be resisted. An examination followed, into Eleanor's progress in various branches of learning and accomplishments. Martha thought that the latter had been allowed to usurp too large a share of her pupil's attention ; she, however, refrained from making any comment, knowing that it is generally better to make reforms gradually. The morning passed in looking over books, and arranging future plans of study. Eleanor foresaw a much stricter rule than any she had been used to. She did not like the prospect, but she felt there was no redress. Her mother would not listen to complaints on this head ; for it was Lady Clere's ambition that Eleanor should be highly educated and accomplished, and the governess was to do it.

Martha could not succeed in drawing Eleanor into any conversation beyond short replies to her questions. She saw with pain that Eleanor disliked her. Both felt it a relief when Annie came in to make preparations for dinner, and they separated to go to their rooms.

‘How horrible!’ thought Eleanor, as she threw herself into an easy-chair in a very uneasy humour. ‘Florence, have you finished that dress?’

‘Yes, Miss. Will you please to put it on?’

‘Not now; it is too much trouble to change. Just let me look at it. Poke the fire, Florence. Oh, how stupid of you to make it so! it is the very way in which I did not want it made. Florence, you are always so tiresome! You never do things as I like. You must alter it.’

Florence felt vexed. She had bestowed a great deal of pains on the dress.

‘Please, Miss Eleanor, I thought you liked it made this way.’

‘You could not have thought so. You know I hate that pattern.’

‘Please, Miss, you never said so.’

‘I say it now, then. You must make another body, and ask Adèle for the pattern I like—that Paris pattern; she knows.’

Florence and Adèle, Lady Clere’s maid, were not on the best of terms with each other, and they had just had an altercation on this very subject. Florence did not wish Adèle to find that she had been right. She replied:

‘I don’t think Mademoiselle Adèle can find that pattern. She had mislaid it some time ago. To be sure, though, now I think of it, the dress that Miss Smyth has on is made the same. She would lend it for me to look at, I daresay, Miss, if you liked.’

This, as Florence expected, was enough for Eleanor. She answered haughtily :

‘Certainly not. How can you think of such a thing?’

‘I thought you hardly would, Miss. I will ask Mademoiselle Adèle to search again for the pattern.’

‘No, you need not,’ replied Eleanor, who had taken a sudden dislike to what she had just before particularly desired. ‘It is not worth while, I think, after all; and I shall want the dress to-morrow. Just do my hair. Are the letters come?’

‘Yes, Miss. None for you to-day.’ She added, with a laugh, ‘There was one for Miss Smyth, in such a hand! I could write better myself.’

Eleanor made no remark, and Florence continued :

‘Please, Miss Eleanor, what do you think Mademoiselle Adèle says? Of course it can’t be true. She says that Miss Smyth is only a milliner’s

daughter. She knew something of the family in Paris.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed Eleanor, colouring.

'So I said, Miss, when I heard it,' returned Florence, as she folded the long plaits round Eleanor's head. 'For myself, I don't set much on what Mademoiselle Adèle says. Shall you ride to-day, Miss?'

'Yes, I think so. Florence, are you sure that was what Adèle said?'

'Yes, sure, Miss Eleanor. But she speaks so queer, between her French and English, that she doesn't always say exactly what she means. She declares Miss Smyth has changed her name. I didn't hear all she said; it was to Mrs. Loftus she was talking about it, not to me. Me and Mademoiselle Adèle hasn't much to say to one another. There's the luncheon bell, Miss.'

Eleanor proceeded to the school-room in no very amiable mood. A milliner's daughter for a companion and governess! Unbearable!

'She thinks she is not known, I suppose,' thought Eleanor. 'This must have been what she changed her name for, to get into some good family, and pass as a lady. Too bad! However, I shall ascer-

tain the truth before I say anything to mamma ; it will make such a fuss. How angry she would be ! No, I shall quietly wait, and find out. I can't ask Adèle—that would not do, quite ; she is too forward as it is, and so conceited if one takes the least notice of her. I don't like asking servants for information, either. It will be easy to discover the truth. There must be *some* truth in it. She will certainly betray herself before long, if it is so. How very disagreeable, though !'

In these and such like cogitations Eleanor employed herself during dinner, which passed almost in silence. She watched Martha, to see if she betrayed any little plebeian improprieties, but could detect none. In her absence of mind, intent upon Martha, she became guilty of something of the kind herself, and was greatly annoyed when Martha said, smiling :

'Excuse me, my dear, but that is not quite the way in which a young lady should skin potatoes.'

Eleanor coloured all over, conscious of her own thoughts. Martha saw it, and mistaking the cause, she added kindly :

'I did not mean to vex you ; you know we learn all those little things in the school-room.'

Eleanor made no reply. She thought it was wise of Martha to make a point of being particular about ladylike habits ; it was just the way to avert any suspicion of her not being a lady herself. 'I can very well see through that,' she said to herself ; 'no doubt she will seize every opportunity of the kind.'

After dinner, as Annie removed the things, Martha asked what time the post came in.

'At twelve, Miss,' was the answer ; 'and there is a letter for you, I think, on the slab. Shall I bring it you, Miss ?'

'Thank you,' said Martha.

Eleanor glanced at her when Annie gave her the letter, and saw her colour as she looked at the direction. She put it into her pocket, saying to Eleanor :

'Letters must be kept for recreation. You have half an hour for a music lesson, my dear, before you go out.'

'I never do anything after dinner before I go out,' answered Eleanor.

'And never mean to?' Martha asked, in the tone of quiet satire she had used in the morning. Eleanor had never encountered this before ; she could not

think how Martha dared! It happened to be the very best way of dealing with her; it foiled her self-will with much more effect than open opposition. Martha placed the music on the pianoforte, and said, 'Now, my dear!' and Eleanor had nothing for it but to sit down. It was well chosen of Martha to select the favourite pursuit for the ill-favoured time. Eleanor forgot her grievance almost directly. Music always had charms for her. She wished very much to hear Martha play, but did not condescend to ask her; and Martha made no offer of doing so.

'She is a very middling performer, I daresay,' thought Eleanor, 'as she makes no attempt to play.'

Martha looked over the music, and remarked, 'You have many duets, I see. These Grand Symphonies of Mozart's are very good practice. How really "grand" they are! Have you any one to play them with you?'

'Gerty Leyton, the clergyman's daughter, used to play them with me, but she is away now. Mademoiselle Luneville played them sometimes, but they are too difficult for most people. I have got out of the practice of all that music lately. It is so stupid, playing one side of a duet.'

‘Perhaps I could manage the other part,’ said Martha, ‘but it is long since I played anything of that sort,’ she added, with a sigh.

Eleanor felt irritated, both at the words and the sigh, which she judged to be hypocritical.

‘They are so beautiful,’ Martha continued, ‘it is quite a pity you should give them up. Don’t you think so?’

‘Yes, perhaps it is,’ answered Eleanor coldly. She took no notice of Martha’s offer. She did not want to play duets with a milliner’s daughter. ‘Gerty will be coming back soon,’ she said. ‘She is a good deal here when she is at home—she plays beautifully. I shall get them up when she returns, perhaps.’

A loud rap with a walking-stick on the turret door which led from the gallery interrupted the music lesson.

‘Oh, there’s papa!’ exclaimed Eleanor, springing up; and leaving Martha and the piano without ceremony, she darted out and rushed down the turret steps, by twos and threes.

‘Ellie, darling, don’t break your neck! Are you coming with me?’ said Colonel Clere, kissing her. ‘I thought I heard my little Euterpe. Can you

leave your beloved Symphonies for a ride to Lyndale ?'

'For *you*, I can,' returned Eleanor, as she fondly embraced him, 'if for nothing and nobody else !' and hastened away to dress.





CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL-ROOM DISCIPLINE.

HIS little incident, Martha thought, showed her more of Eleanor's real disposition than anything she had yet seen. Martha's thirty years' experience of life had taught her to judge kindly; she always looked for the good, and, if possible, excused the evil, in others. She saw that Eleanor had been very much spoilt, but this glimpse of her affectionate nature gave her greater hopes of her than anything else could have done. There is always much to hope for from a warm-hearted disposition under careful guidance, whatever its failings may be.

Martha felt very thankful for being able to have a little time to herself, a luxury she had hardly expected. She went up to her room, which, thanks

to Annie's kindness, looked rather less cheerless than it had done the evening before. Annie had summoned courage to transfer the piece of drugget to Martha's bedside, at the same time preparing in her mind a bold defiant answer for Catherine if she attacked her about it. 'I shall just say,' quoth she to herself resolutely, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Catherine, for not having put your own there!' She had also made sundry other little additions of comfort. Martha would not have known it, if she had not found her in the act of putting a white muslin blind to the window. Annie blushed, and retreated with a curtsey. Martha glanced round, and it occurred to her that the little room looked comparatively comfortable. She saw it all in a moment, and her eyes moistened at the thought of Annie's simple kind-heartedness. She locked her door, and then seating herself by the window, took her letter out of her pocket.

It certainly was indited in no very well formed handwriting; the characters were trembling and irregular, but what did Martha care for that? It was the hand of one she loved. She read and re-read it, and read it again; and her every feature brightened as she treasured up its gladdening, comforting

words. 'They give me fresh strength for my duty,' she thought, as she at last folded up the letter, and stored it carefully in her pocketbook. 'How good it is to have a friend! too good for me, as all Thy mercies are!' she added, as her heart's gratitude rose to Him, from Whom every good gift comes.

Taking her Bible and Prayer Book, she rested herself on the bed to read the Psalms and Lessons for the day. 'How I shall miss the daily service!' she thought with a sigh, as she finished, 'it was so happy at Elverton!' The next moment the half-repining thought was checked, and she blamed herself for selfishness. 'To lose self; that is the great lesson before you in your daily life now,' had been some of the words in her letter; and Martha had resolved over them, that she would seize every opportunity of learning how to do so.

'It is the lesson of all others we are slowest to learn,' she thought, 'and I especially. I have been thirty years in coming to the knowledge that I am selfish; how unwilling one is to see it in one's self!' Poor Martha! of all beings apparently the most unselfish and lowly; but she did not see herself 'as others' saw 'her.' Daily careful self-examination had

long been her habit; and nothing but earnest perseverance in this shows us what we really are.

Martha had often thought it a great defect in the ordinary education of young persons, that while they are acquiring all kinds of head knowledge, the knowledge of the heart should be so entirely passed over as it commonly is. She had herself experienced this neglect. It was some years after she had left the school-room before she discovered that that, which should have been the very groundwork of her education, had been altogether omitted. She had often thought that if ever she should have young persons under her charge, her first object should be to endeavour to teach them to know themselves. She remembered it now, but hardly knew how to begin with Eleanor; it was the last thing, Martha thought, she would be willing to learn, especially from one against whom she was evidently prejudiced. 'Patience!' she said to herself, 'it is not I, after all, who can do anything; I can only seek the help of One wiser than I, and then make use of the opportunities He gives.'

Four o'clock struck, and Martha went down to the school-room. Presently Eleanor came in from her ride, looking weary and vexed.

‘How cold it is!’ she said, in a disconsolate tone.
‘Such a wretched fire, too!’

Martha got up from the table, where she had been writing, and stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze.

‘You had better warm yourself,’ she said, ‘before we go to lessons, if you are cold. There seems to be a very cold wind to-day. Have you had a pleasant ride?’

‘Yes—no—not very. It was too long. I am tired. I can’t bear making calls, it is so stupid. Of all places too, Lyndale! such disagreeable people live there.’

Martha made no remark.

‘The people I dislike the most of any in the neighbourhood,’ Eleanor continued, in a tone of annoyance. ‘And papa has actually invited the three girls here for a week, thinking I was dull while Gerty was away. It is so tiresome! I can’t think what I shall do with them! Of course, I had nothing to say to their face, but that I should be delighted, a great pleasure, and all that sort of thing, which is very untrue. I would rather sit at my books from morning to night than have those three Wiltons to entertain.’

‘Your papa meant to give you a pleasure,’ said Martha.

‘Yes, of course. I know that; but it is just the reverse, as it happens. Three such prim horrid girls! I can’t think what I shall do, without even Gerty to help me.’

‘Gerty seems to be a great friend of yours,’ remarked Martha, glad to turn the disagreeable subject.

‘Yes, she is; my only friend, I think. I don’t quite know what it is I like in her, though: she is unlike most girls; quiet and natural, not an atom of conceit in her.’

‘That is a great charm,’ said Martha.

‘Yes, indeed. There is nothing so disagreeable as a conceited person; and yet I think that almost every girl I know is more or less conceited in some way. It seems a part of girls, now-a-days.’

‘I agree with you,’ replied Martha; ‘and it is not easy to make young people see it in themselves.’

Eleanor coloured, and said in an offhand way, ‘I daresay I am not altogether free from it myself. But Gerty really is an exception to the general rule. She is very simple, and yet so clever.’

‘Is she older than you?’ asked Martha.

‘A year older. She has one sister, Agnes, some years younger—a great invalid—they do not think she will live long ; she is thought to be in a decline. She is away now, for change of air, and Gerty with her. It is quite beautiful to see the love between the two sisters ; Gerty does everything for Agnes, and Agnes so clings to her. I think Gerty is the most unselfish person I ever met with ; she gives up her own way in everything, and so quietly too, you would hardly know it.’

‘She must be a most lovable person,’ said Martha.

‘Oh, indeed, yes ! I know no one like her. Dear Gerty ! I wish she would make haste and come back !’

Her last words suddenly recalled Eleanor to the remembrance of the duets ; and, consequently, to a consciousness that she was growing too unreserved with the milliner’s daughter. It did not occur to her that it was Martha’s pleasant way of speaking, and of entering into what interested her, that had really restored her to good humour. She grew stiff again, as the unpleasing recollection flashed across her ; and Martha found that for some reason, the conversation had become unwelcome.



She went on writing for a little while, and then said—

‘If you are warmer now, my dear, we will begin lessons.’

She put away her writing, while Eleanor very unwillingly drew her chair to the table; she was not at all inclined to apply herself, and taking a volume of Schiller from the bookcase, she put it on the table, saying—

‘This, if you please.’

‘Not now,’ Martha answered: ‘we must keep steadily to the rule we have drawn out. Four to five, English reading; Alison, if you please!’ with a smile, and in exactly the same way in which Eleanor had spoken.

Eleanor could not help smiling; there was something irresistible in Martha’s manner.

‘Where are you?’ asked Martha, as she opened the book.

‘Wading through the grievances of French taxation,’ answered Eleanor. ‘I have been ‘sticking there for some weeks. It is a “Slough of Despond” to me.’

‘I must help you to wade out.’

‘Oh, let us skip all that; it so horribly dry!’

'It is really very interesting, when you get on a little way,' said Martha. 'Introductions are generally stiff,' she added, with a smile.

'But very necessary,' replied Eleanor, pointedly.

'Very,' said Martha, a little confused, Eleanor thought; and the reading began.

Martha made it very pleasant by her remarks and explanations; it was quite unlike the dull reading-lessons that Eleanor had been accustomed to; reading incessantly for an hour, without any other variation than some corrections in pronunciation, or 'Mind your stops, my dear!' Metastasio followed; then a lesson in algebra, made equally agreeable. Eleanor was obliged to own to herself that Martha was at least clever and well informed. 'She must have had a good education,' she thought, 'and makes the most of it. That is just what those little trades-people do for their daughters, if they have money; try to make ladies of them, by giving them a good education. But nothing ever makes up for that which they cannot get: the polish, which good society only can give.'

Was Martha deficient in this? Eleanor tried very hard to discover that she was; but Martha was so quiet, both in speech and movement, that Eleanor

could fix upon nothing in either that was not perfectly ladylike.

'I think we must make it a rule to talk French in lesson hours,' said Martha, as they rose from tea.

'I have the greatest dislike to French, Miss Smyth,' answered Eleanor. 'Pray let it be German. I want to get on with my German.'

'And I hope you will,' replied Martha; 'but it is more necessary that you should speak French fluently. We will have days for both. German, the days you have your German lessons, Mondays and Thursdays; and the other days in the week, French.'

'Mademoiselle Luneville was a thorough French-woman,' said Eleanor; 'I could not bear her. She gave me a dislike to the language. She came from Paris, and of course spoke it with the true Parisian accent and theatrical manner.'

'I admire the accent more than the manner,' replied Martha.

'Were you ever in Paris?' Eleanor asked.

'Yes,' answered Martha, 'I spent some years on the Continent once.'

'Did you travel about?' asked Eleanor, yet feeling rather ashamed of her curiosity.

‘No, very little,’ Martha replied, colouring. ‘I was with an invalid.’

‘As companion, I suppose,’ thought Eleanor; ‘that is how she acquired her ladylike manners.’

Martha did not seem disposed to continue the subject, and Eleanor was too well bred to pursue it further, though exceedingly desirous to arrive at some particulars of Martha’s history which might give her a clue to the truth.

‘You are quite at home in languages, then?’ she remarked, for something to say.

Martha smiled. ‘Nowhere so well at home as in my mother tongue. There is no language half so pleasant to me.’

‘I suppose all Englishwomen think so,’ said Eleanor. ‘I am sure *I* do! Pray let us talk English one day in the week!’

‘By all means. You have Sunday.’

‘O, now, that is too bad! Sunday is no day!’

‘Is it not?’ said Martha; ‘I always thought Sunday was a day. What is it, then?’

Her tone and manner were so droll, that Eleanor was compelled to laugh. ‘Nothing to do with lessons, I mean. Pray give me one lesson-day for talking English.’

‘On one condition, then. Provided you talk nothing but the most excellent sense all day.’

‘You could hardly have fixed upon a greater impossibility,’ returned Eleanor; ‘so I must be content to talk nonsense in French, I suppose. It is quite the language for nonsense, is it not?’

Martha laughed. ‘You seem to have an inveterate prejudice against French,’ she said, ‘like most young persons who have it to learn.’

‘The truth is, I am sick of it,’ Eleanor answered. ‘Till quite lately, I used to hear nothing else. Mademoiselle Luneville always spoke it, and I had a French maid before Florence came. And then Adèle; she is such a talker! and a strong provincialist. Have you heard her speak?’

‘Provincialisms are very ugly,’ observed Martha, ‘especially in French. They quite destroy the elegance of the language, which is its characteristic.’

‘Quite,’ replied Eleanor absently. She saw Martha colour at the mention of Adèle. ‘It must be conscience,’ she thought. ‘Why did she not answer my question?’

The evening passed agreeably to Eleanor, notwithstanding her unpleasant surmises. Martha did not propose any lessons after tea. She took some

needlework, and Eleanor her embroidery, and they talked at intervals. Martha's conversation was extremely entertaining, and Eleanor was constantly forgetting the fact of the milliner's daughter. 'I was never more puzzled about any one,' she thought, as she went to her room at night. 'I shall confide the matter to Gerty, and see what she thinks. She has a great deal of discernment.'



CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIO IN A.

WHOSE tiresome visitors!' exclaimed Eleanor, as she sat at breakfast with Martha on Monday morning. 'They are to come to-day. What shall I do with them?'

'Why do you dislike them so much?'

'Oh, I don't know. They are the sort of girls you cannot like, so commonplace and uninteresting. They all make so much of me, too, and that aggravates me. I can't bear that kind of thing; and they all call me "dear Miss Clere" at every word. It makes me think of that description of the lark's song—Chaucer's, I think—

"So sweet and clere,
With a chere, here, pere, I near my dear,"'

said Eleanor laughing.

‘Is this the head and front of their offending?’

‘No; by no means! Oh, it is impossible to describe them, such prim things they are! They all dress alike, and all say the same things in exactly the same way, and all their names begin with A—Adelaide, Anna, and Augusta. Ridiculous, isn’t it? They are known everywhere as “the trio in A;” and they have a governess to match—a little old maid, with stiff curls and wrinkles, Mrs. Charlotte Cave—such an oddity! They call her Mammie Chatte.’

‘You are very severe on your neighbours,’ said Martha, smiling.

‘How can one help seeing what is ridiculous?’ answered Eleanor.

‘You can be more merciful to it,’ said Martha. ‘There are often causes for what seem to us peculiarities in others, which, if we knew, would make us less ready to laugh at them. Those very wrinkles may carry with them a tale of sorrow little imagined; and a stiff, prim manner often disguises very lovable qualities. It is a misfortune more than a fault; frequently the result of shyness or neglect.’

‘But they all have it,’ said Eleanor; ‘and so many absurd and unfashionable ways, too. I can’t think

where they learnt them. I suppose it is Mrs. Chatte. They have no mother.'

'That is always a sad disadvantage to young girls,' replied Martha; 'it excuses many defects. A governess can never supply the place of a mother.'

'I suppose not,' said Eleanor. 'But really, I do not think anything could make them different from what they are. So invariably, amiably dull! Whatever one says they always agree to. "Yes, dear Miss Clere, quite so," to everything! So stupid! They seem to have no tastes or wills of their own.'

'I thought that was the great virtue in your friend Gerty?'

'No! The virtue in her is, that having tastes and likings of her own (and very decided ones, too), she is always sacrificing them for others.'

'That *is* the virtue, of course. The question is, whether you can be certain that that may not be the case with these young ladies whom you criticise,—the difference being that you are not so intimate with them, and perhaps not so willing to see the good in them.'

'I am above prejudice, I hope,' said Eleanor, haughtily.

‘We do not generally see prejudice in ourselves,’ answered Martha.

‘You consider that I am prejudiced, then?’ said Eleanor, a little offended.

‘I judge no one, my dear,’ replied Martha gently. Eleanor felt the reproof. There was silence for a few minutes, which interval Eleanor employed in endeavouring to prove to herself,—first, that she was not in the least prejudiced; secondly, that Martha was the most disagreeable person any one could have for a governess. Martha, in the same time, was reconsidering what had passed, and blaming herself for her last speech. ‘It was not humble,’ she thought, ‘there was self in it.’ She said presently—

‘I should have said rather, that I *try* to judge no one. We are all apt to fall into that fault.’

Eleanor pondered this speech: what was it said for? As usual, her prejudice twisted it the wrong way; she would not give Martha credit for the humility which had prompted her to correct herself. She said, with a little laugh—

‘That is, Miss Smyth, you try very hard not to judge me, but cannot help it. Is not that what you meant to say?’

‘Not exactly,’ replied Martha. She was pained by Eleanor’s tone; but she thought it best to say no more now on the subject, and inquired—

‘What did your mamma say about your lessons, my dear?’

‘How I hate that my dear!’ thought Eleanor, ‘so patronizing! The idea of being patronized by a milliner’s daughter!’ It was very aggravating. ‘Oh, she said it could not be helped; I must lose a week—that was all. She did not admire the invitation any more than I did.’

‘Well, what can’t be cured must be endured, I suppose,’ said Martha, smiling. ‘We must try to make the best of this bad matter.’

Eleanor laughed. ‘You will have your share, Miss Smyth, in Mammie Chatte. I shall leave her to you. She goes wherever they go, always—a part of the importation.’

‘I shall be very happy to assist you,’ said Martha. ‘Perhaps I shall like Mrs. Chatte better than you do.’

‘I hope you may,’ replied Eleanor, ironically. ‘There they are, I suppose!’ she exclaimed, as a loud peal from the hall door-bell rang through the manor. ‘Oh, horror! such an hour of the day to

come, too! I wish I was at the bottom of the sea.'

'Should you like entertaining the sharks better?' inquired Martha.

'Really, Miss Smyth, you give one no quarter,' replied Eleanor, half laughing, half vexed. 'Yes, almost!' She ran away to Lady Clere's dressing-room. 'Mamma, imagine those Wiltons coming at such an hour! What can I do with them?'

'You can do what you like with them,' said Lady Clere, who lay on a sofa in her dressing-room, sipping chocolate, over the last new novel; 'only keep them out of my way. I can't think what possessed your papa to invite them! You must have them with you during the day, and come down in the drawing-room after dinner for the evening.'

'And Mrs. Chatte?'

'Must do as she likes. But I can't have Miss Smyth down-stairs. She must understand that.'

'Then, dear mamma, please, you must tell her so; for, of course, she will expect to come down if Mrs. Chatte does.'

'My love, you can give her to understand that we do not have the governesses down-stairs at Clereton

Manor. Mrs. Cave is a peculiar exception—the only chaperone those girls have.'

'My dear mamma, I really cannot be deputed to say those disagreeable things; they ought to come from you.'

'Oh, well! I can send her a message by Adèle. Poor unfortunate thing! it makes one ill to look at her. What could make Kate Leblanc fix upon *her*? Is she anything very remarkable?'

'I can hardly tell yet, mamma, indeed,' Eleanor replied. Adèle was in the room, engaged at the toilet table. A scornful expression passed over her countenance at these words, which did not escape Eleanor. 'There must be some truth in it,' she said to herself. 'How I wish I could find it out!'

'The Miss Wiltons and Mrs. Cave are in the drawing-room,' said a servant, opening the door.

'You had better go, my love,' said Lady Clere to Eleanor, 'and make an invalid's excuses for me. I really cannot entertain girls not out. When is Adelaide coming out, by the way? She will be an old woman before she appears, if Mrs. Cave keeps her in the school-room much longer. Such old-fashioned ways! She is eighteen now, isn't she?'

Eleanor laughed. 'More, I think, mamma. She

is waiting for Anna, I believe, and Anna will wait for Augusta, and so we shall have the trio, as usual. How I wish papa had not asked them !'

'Well, what can't be cured must be endured,' said Lady Clere, in a resigned tone.

'That is just what Miss Smyth said,' said Eleanor, laughing.

'It was very impertinent of Miss Smyth, I think,' said Lady Clere, annoyed. 'Eleanor, my love, you must not let her take liberties ; you must not let her be too forward ; it doesn't do.'

'I cannot help what she chooses to say, mamma.'

'You must put her down, then, occasionally. Just let her remember her place. It is very odd ; but that seems to be what all governesses forget.'

'Put her down occasionally ?' thought Eleanor. 'Mamma little knows !' 'I really must go down,' she said, aloud, 'to be "dear Miss Clere'd." Pity me, mamma !'

'With all my heart,' answered her mother, smiling. 'One thing, my love ; just wait. If you go out walking with your young friends beyond the grounds, Miss Smyth must go also.'

'Oh, mamma ! what, with three companions ?'

answered Eleanor discontentedly. 'There is no need, really.'

'I cannot have you do it, my love; it is not the thing. You know you are rather different from those girls.'

'Rather!' said Eleanor ironically, 'but quite as well able to run alone. I had quite fixed upon a long walk to Llanferne Abbey, to swallow up one afternoon. We must take walks. I shall not know what else to do. Fancy dragging that unfortunate there after one for nothing at all! My dear mamma, there is no occasion—such a retired place as that, and only over the hills too!'

'My dear Eleanor, it is not proper that you should go alone out of the grounds.'

'But it is not alone, mamma, if I have three persons with me.'

'Three young persons like yourself! I don't like it, my love. One of the governesses must accompany you. Whichever you like.'

'An even choice,' replied Eleanor with a shrug. 'It will just spoil any pleasure there might be, to have one of those duennas with us. Really, dear mamma, I do not see the object of it.'

'It is only propriety, my love.'

‘Propriety, mamma! as if there could be any impropriety in my taking a walk with the Wiltons,’ said Eleanor irritably.

‘My love, you make me feel quite ill,’ answered Lady Clere languidly, laying her head back on the sofa cushion. ‘You must do as you like, I suppose, then.’

‘I don’t see the harm of it, I must say,’ replied Eleanor. ‘There are no banditti in these parts. Oh, I know what my dearest mamma is afraid of! For your comfort, dear mamma, I can tell you that Sir Oswald—’ She stopped short, and laughed archly, fixing her eyes on her mother’s face.

‘Nonsense!’ answered Lady Clere, colouring a very little.

‘Ah, my best mamma! Chateaux en Espagne, already! rather early, isn’t it?’ Eleanor laughed. ‘If I mistake not, the first stone of that château was laid the day I was born!’

‘You goose!’ answered Lady Clere, ‘how can you be so silly! But what were you going to say?’

‘Only that Sir Oswald is abroad, for a tour in Germany; quite safe, dear mamma!’

‘Foolish child! who put such thoughts into your head?’

'You, yourself, mamma,' Eleanor replied, laughing. 'It is of no use for you to deny it. But, you know, châteaux come to ruins, sometimes. And talking of ruins then, dear mamma, it is settled that we can take care of ourselves to Llanferne. Of course we can!' and Eleanor ran down-stairs to receive her guests.

Martha was standing in a bay-window of the school-room, which looked upon the garden, musing as to whether she ought to accompany Eleanor and her young friends in their walks and amusements, or leave them to themselves, when the door opened, and some one entered. She turned and saw Adèle, who with a contemptuous laugh exclaimed—

'So, I see *you* here! par exemple; excellent, mademoiselle!'

'Did you wish to speak to me?' said Martha, surprised at the intrusion.

'Certainement, or I should not come,' answered Adèle, rudely. 'Vous devez savoir, mademoiselle, dat miladi does not desire your apparance in de salon at no time. She send you word by me; comprenez vous bien?'

'Perfectly,' replied Martha. Her cheeks tingled

a little ; she could not help it, there was something so insulting in Adèle's manner.

'Eh ! what an affront ! n'est-ce-pas ? Eh bien ! what airs—what oder did you expect, pray ?'

'Is that all you had to say ?' asked Martha quietly.

'Point du tout. I have much to say to you, mademoiselle ! you will not impose on miladi long, she shall know !'

'Know what ?' asked Martha.

'Ce que je sais, aussi bien que vous,' returned Adèle, raising her voice. 'Vos tromperies—your arts—how you change your name to deceive—en effet, what you are !'

'What am I ?' said Martha, smiling.

'What ! indeed !' exclaimed Adèle, with a scornful laugh—'vous avez raison !'

'Adèle,' said Martha earnestly, 'I must ask you not to speak in that way, it is not right—it is not Christian. Whatever I may be can matter little to you. For your own sake, try to think and speak more kindly.'

'Try ! Ah oui. I shall try, you pouvez croire, ma petite !' replied Adèle angrily ; and she flung out of the room, and banged the door after her.

Martha sighed deeply, and standing for a moment in the window, prayed for a meek and quiet spirit, which she felt she needed just then. The sound of voices approaching made her turn round, as Eleanor appeared, followed by three young ladies in three blue dresses, and three black jackets, and three black velvet bonnets ; all so like one another, that except for some little difference in their height, it would have been impossible to distinguish them. Behind them came a little old lady, as Eleanor had described her, with stiff curls and wrinkles, but with a very pleasant countenance, which looked as if its owner was full of the milk of human kindness. Martha's first glance assured her that she should like Mammie Chatte. Eleanor introduced her, saying—

‘You will be glad to get rid of us, we know ; so we are going to see my garden, while you have a chat together.’

Mammie Chatte smiled, and answered, ‘Mayn’t old folks be permitted to see your garden?’

‘I don’t know,’ replied Eleanor, laughing ; ‘I am afraid there are too many weeds.’

‘A very bad example for my young folks,’ replied Mammie Chatte. ‘*I* allow of no weeds, do I ?’

‘No, indeed,’ answered the trio, together.

‘It is an old joke against Mammie Chatte,’ said Adelaide, ‘that her first greeting to us was, “Three weedy beds, indeed!”’

They all laughed, and Adelaide continued: ‘We were in the garden when Mammie Chatte arrived, and she came out with papa, and found us gardening. We always say that Mammie Chatte meant us.’

‘Conscience!’ answered Mammie Chatte.

‘You see,’ said Eleanor, ‘Mrs. Cave does not dispute the truth of your interpretation! I think I must get my garden into better order before I can allow her to see it. I could not run the risk of such a painful home-thrust. Shall we come?’ she asked, addressing the trio.

‘With pleasure, dear Miss Clere,’ they all answered.

‘Good-bye, then, till dinner-time,’ said Eleanor; and she led the way to her garden, followed by her young guests. .

Eleanor’s garden was a great pleasure to her. It was on an island, in the midst of the winding and picturesque stream which flowed through the Manor grounds, at some distance from the house. The little islet was almost embowered in weeping wil-

lows, which drooped down into the water on every side. It was reached by a small rustic bridge of rough lattice-work, over which were trained honeysuckle and other creeping plants. The river in that part was clear and shallow ; lower down it deepened and widened into a lake, which was called Clereton Mere. It was a wild, lovely spot ; the banks were dinted into dells and copses, rich in all kinds of ferns and wild-flowers. Here it was that Eleanor delighted to pass whole afternoons, botanizing and scrambling from nook to nook.

‘How beautiful, dear Miss Clere !’ exclaimed the trio with one voice, as they came in sight of the island and its pretty little bridge. ‘Is this your garden ?’

‘This is my garden,’ answered Eleanor ; ‘but I do not know what you will say to its contents. It is not like most gardens. It is almost full of wild-flowers,—I like them better than all the new annuals. I admit very few of what are called garden flowers.’

‘Ah ! dear Miss Clere, you always are unlike other people,’ said Augusta. ‘A garden of wild-flowers is a most original idea. How very pretty it is ! These banks and rock-work are so wild. You

seem to have collected every kind of wild-flower here; even the old-fashioned Tway-blade, I see.'

'I am glad you recognise that,' said Eleanor, 'so few people know it. It is what I call an old-world flower.'

Adelaide looked pleased. 'Mammie Chatte is an excellent botanist,' she said. 'She goes out with us on botanizing expeditions.'

'In fact,' remarked Augusta, 'she excels in everything. I must say, I think we are very fortunate.'

'She seems a treasure, indeed,' replied Eleanor, in a satirical tone of voice, which her simple young friends mistook for admiration.

'How do you like your new governess?' asked Adelaide.

'It is difficult to tell, in so short a time. I don't think she has much in her different from other people, except that she seems given to low spirits, which is not pleasant.'

'Poor thing!' said Anna. 'She gives me the idea of one who suffered a great deal. There is a peculiar look of pain about the eyes. Mammie Chatte says that deformity is generally accompanied by bodily suffering. The consciousness of it, alone, must be very depressing.'

'I don't know,' replied Eleanor carelessly. 'People should not go out as governesses if they have not health for it. How do you like my grotto, Adelaide?'

'It is lovely. How did you get such a quantity of moss?'

'Gerty Leyton and I spent three long days in collecting it,' answered Eleanor, 'in the interregnum between Mademoiselle Luneville and Miss Smyth. Willie Leyton was at home too, for his Michaelmas holidays, and helped us. What a nice boy he is!'

'Very,' answered Adelaide. 'Did you know that he was going to Winchester with Frank and Elliott?'

'Yes, Gerty told me so.'

'Have you heard from her lately?' asked Adelaide.

'Last week,' replied Eleanor. 'She gave worse accounts of Agnes. I am sorry to say I fear she is sinking.'

'It will be a great trial to Gertrude to lose her,' said Adelaide.

'Oh, terrible!' Eleanor answered. 'They are so wrapt up in each other, I cannot think what she will do.'

'You will be her greatest comfort,' said Augusta, 'if she loses Agnes.'

'*I?*' Eleanor thought, but did not say, 'I am not one to be a comfort in sorrow.'

'You are her greatest friend,' said Anna.

'And you think one's greatest friend should be one's greatest comfort? She is mine, certainly. Who is your greatest friend, Adelaide? I suppose every one has some especial friendship. I do not think one could exist without.'

'I suppose so,' replied Adelaide. She paused. She was thinking of the Friend above all others. She would have liked to say something of this kind if she had known how; but she had an intuitive feeling that Eleanor would not like this turn to be given to the conversation.

'Oh, Lady Laura is Ady's great friend!' said Anna, smiling.

'My *great* friend,' replied Adelaide, smiling also, 'in one sense of the word! The friendship is not an equal one, unfortunately.'

'Lady Laura!' said Eleanor. 'Do you know much of her?'

'She is an old friend of Mammie Chatte's,' answered Adelaide. 'Mammie Chatte educated some



relations of hers, and Lady Laura has a high esteem for her. She often called upon her at Lyndale, and that is how we came to know her.'

'She has taken a great fancy to Ady,' said Augusta. 'She insisted on having her to stay with her, and gave Mammie Chatte no peace till she extorted a promise from her, that Ady should pay her a visit, if papa had no objection. He was rather pleased, I think; and Ady is going next week to stay with her *great* friend.'

'They laugh at me,' said Adelaide; 'but, of course, the friendship, if such it can be called, was not of my seeking. As yet, I know very little of her; besides which, she is more than twice my age. She is dull, I suppose, at Parkstone, without Sir Oswald.'

'Yes, she must be,' remarked Eleanor absently. 'He is the most dutiful of nephews,' said Anna. 'He writes constantly to her; such delightful letters. She gave Ady some of them to read, and, of course, we saw them too. He gives the most amusing descriptions of his adventures — such ridiculous things: how in Flanders, at some little house where he was benighted, he did all he could, between German and French, to make the Frau understand

that he was hungry, and wanted some supper. At last she seemed to have caught his meaning, and smiling and nodding, hastened away, and returning with a low curtsey, presented him with a needle and thread !'

'Then he fell into a dungeon at Heidelberg,' said Augusta, 'and was very nearly left there, to his dismay. They had to let down cords to draw him out.'

'His letters are as good as any book,' said Adelaide,—'better, I think. They are so lively and natural, just as if he were talking to you. He must be very clever.'

'Very,' answered Eleanor. 'I had no idea you were so intimate with Lady Laura.'

'It is she who is intimate, not I,' said Adelaide ; 'I stand in too much awe of her, I assure you. She is exceedingly kind to me—a fancy, I suppose.'

'There is no accounting for fancies,' remarked Eleanor.

'No, indeed,' replied Adelaide, simply. 'I cannot think how it is. She told Mammie Chatte that it was high time for me to leave the school-room, and offered to be my chaperone this year, till Anna and Augusta were ready.'



‘Indeed!’ said Eleanor.

‘Yes, imagine!’ answered Adelaide; ‘and Mammie Chatte half agreed; but we do not know what papa will say to letting me go.’

‘Go where?’

‘To London, for the season. Lady Laura always goes, to bring out one or other of her numerous nieces; and she wants to take me this time.’

‘We say,’ said Augusta, laughing, ‘that she wants to *make* a niece of Ady.’

‘What nonsense!’ exclaimed Adelaide.

‘I should not think that was likely,’ said Eleanor, coolly.

‘Nothing more unlikely, dear Miss Clere,’ said Adelaide; ‘it is only their nonsense.’

‘I want to know whether you think woodbine or clematis will look best over this archway,’ said Eleanor, suddenly changing the conversation; which, for some reason best known to herself, annoyed her.

A long discussion followed, upon creeping plants and their respective merits; which ended in Eleanor’s thinking that nothing was so stupid as for people to have no opinion of their own.



CHAPTER V.

MAMMIE CHATTE.

WHAT *can* Lady Laura see in Adelaide Wilton!' thought Eleanor, as she was preparing for dinner. 'So very commonplace as she is! no talent or elegance about her! the last girl one would have thought of to take Lady Laura's fancy. I wish—' But Eleanor's pride would hardly allow her to own to herself that she did secretly wish that Lady Laura had taken the fancy to her instead. In fact, though scarcely aware of it herself, Eleanor was really jealous of Adelaide Wilton.

Adelaide was not clever or elegant. She had no particular outward attractions. Her real attraction, seen by few, and prized by fewer, was her simplicity of character. She was commonplace in the eyes of

the world ; but Lady Laura looked at people with her own eyes, which were very penetrating, and she found something exceedingly pleasing in Adelaide.

This discovery unsettled Eleanor for the day. There was something irritating to her in it, she hardly knew why. She tried to conceal it, however, and laughed, and talked, and made herself very agreeable to her guests. Martha alone saw that there was something amiss.

‘Mamma says we can have the carriage for a drive, if we like,’ said Eleanor, after dinner. ‘She is so very poorly to-day, she quite regrets losing the pleasure of going out with you herself. What do you think? Shall we walk or drive?’

‘Whichever you like, dear Miss Clere,’ said Adelaide.

‘It is not I, if you please, but you,’ replied Eleanor, laughing. ‘What do you like, Anna?’

‘Whatever others like,’ answered Anna.

‘Equally satisfactory !’ said Eleanor. ‘Augusta, you must decide, then.’

‘Either would be the same pleasure to me,’ returned Augusta.

‘What am I to do with three such undecided people! Mrs. Cave, you must choose.’

‘Am I invited?’ said Mammie Chatte.

‘We can make room for you,’ said Eleanor coldly, ‘if you like to come. The carriage will not hold more than five.’

‘I will resign my share of it, then, to Miss Smyth. A drive will do her good, I am sure,’ answered Mammie Chatte, looking kindly at Martha’s pale face.

‘I could not think of such a thing,’ said Eleanor. ‘What! leave you alone? That would be very bad manners.’

‘I would rather stay,’ said Martha, ‘I have a letter to write.’

Eleanor smiled inwardly, as she thought of the correspondent. ‘Settled, then,’ said she; and she rang, and ordered the carriage.

‘Where shall we drive?’ she asked, as they got in.

‘It is a pretty drive to Whitecastle,’ said Mammie Chatte.

‘Very,’ said Adelaide.

‘So it is,’ said Eleanor. ‘To Whitecastle, then. We had such a pleasant picnic there last summer! You just missed it, all of you.’

‘When we were at Hastings, I suppose?’ said Anna.

‘Yes,’ replied Eleanor. ‘Mamma made it for

the young people of Clereton on my birthday. Such a host of them there were! Morleys, and Tudors, and Everetts, to say nothing of those Grahams. I never saw such boys! And Gerty, of course, and Willie. Six carriages full. I should think the old ruins had never seen or heard such a commotion before.'

'A merry party you must have been,' said Mammie Chatte.

'Oh, very!' replied Eleanor. 'We only wanted all of you to complete it.'

'Such a pity we missed it!' said Anna.

'Oh, and Hubert Graham!' said Eleanor; 'that ridiculous boy! He was the life of us all. So full of drollery! We had charades among the ruins after dinner. All the Grahams are such good actors.'

'That sort of impromptu acting is very amusing,' said Mammie Chatte.

'You wanted Sir Oswald,' said Adelaide; 'it is just in his line.'

'Always bringing up Sir Oswald!' thought Eleanor.

'I suppose he was considered rather beyond one of the young persons,' said Mammie Chatte.

‘Yes,’ replied Eleanor; ‘it would hardly have done. Besides which, you know, he and Hubert Graham do not speak to each other. Some quarrel they had at Eton. We never invite them together.’

‘Ah, I heard of that,’ said Mammie Chatte. ‘It was a misunderstanding; not a quarrel exactly,—one of those things that explanations only make worse.’

Eleanor felt some desire to hear what it was, but did not like to seem curious. She remarked, ‘They are both so high-spirited.’

‘Very,’ said Mammie Chatte. ‘One always feels sorry for that sort of thing.’ She evidently thought Eleanor knew the history.

‘You know Sir Oswald well?’ asked Eleanor.

‘I have known him all his life, ever since he was a little boy in a blue velvet frock. His mother was my dear mother’s greatest friend.’

‘Indeed!’ said Eleanor. Mammie Chatte was rising in her eyes. ‘She cannot always have been a governess,’ she thought. ‘At least she has known what good society is.’

‘Is Lady Laura like her?’ she asked.

‘Not much; Lady Emily was a gentle, quiet creature. Nothing showy about her. She spoke

very little, ever. There is a charm sometimes in that, when it does not arise from stupidity.'

'Do you think so?' asked Eleanor, laughing. 'I am afraid it is a charm I do not appreciate, and I am sure it is one I do not possess.'

'Few young people do,' returned Mammie Chatte, smiling; 'but she, poor thing, had great sorrows; they broke her spirit. This was one cause, perhaps, of her subdued manner. She was greatly beloved by those who knew her: it was enough to know her to love her, and she won the hearts of all the poor people. No one can tell what she was to them. They used to call her their good angel. The person who in manner reminds me of her, more than any one I know, is your friend Gerty.'

'Indeed!' said Eleanor, rather pleased.

'Yes, with this difference, that Gerty is young and more lively; but the gentle, calm manner is the same—so very taking, I always think.'

'It is,' replied Eleanor, 'in some people,' she added, as Martha just then came to her mind. 'I do not think, though, that it is at all taking where it is accompanied with gloom.'

'Certainly not,' said Mammie Chatte.

‘Look, Ady!’ exclaimed Anna, ‘is not that Lady Laura’s carriage?’

‘I think so,’ said Adelaide. Lady Laura stopped as they passed, and spoke—distantly to Eleanor, whom she knew very slightly, and warmly to Mamie Chatte—saying, ‘I am coming to claim your promise next week, remember;’ and, nodding to Adelaide, she said, ‘I have just seen Mr. Wilton, and have settled it all with him.’

‘Have you?’ said Adelaide, colouring.

‘Yes; so put all your shyness into your pocket; you are doomed to be dragged forth. You have been buried long enough!’ Adelaide laughed. ‘She is so dreadfully afraid of being touched or looked at,’ said Lady Laura to Eleanor; ‘I am going to cure her of it by the discipline of a London season!’

‘There could not be a better cure, I should think,’ said Eleanor, smiling, but vexed to her very heart. Lady Laura drove off.

‘To think, mamma!’ said Eleanor to Lady Clere at night, when she ran to her for a few minutes’ chat before bed-time,—‘to think of that stupid girl being introduced and married, most likely, before I am out of the school-room!’

'It is rather mortifying ; but you are only fifteen yet, dear !' said Lady Clere, 'and Sir Oswald will be out of the way.'

'Ah, mamma, I said so !' said Eleanor, laughing heartily. 'I knew that was in your mind ; you have let the cat out of the bag at last ! You know he may just come over for the season, if Lady Laura has any plan about Adelaide.'

'Which she certainly has,' said Lady Clere ; 'that is plain enough.'

'However, my dear mother,' said Eleanor, 'plans often defeat themselves, you know.'

Lady Clere coloured a little. 'Yes, they do,' she answered. 'Did Mrs. Cave drive with you to-day ?'

'Yes, mamma. She half invited herself, and I could not well refuse, especially as she offered her share of the carriage afterwards to Miss Smyth.'

'I did not mean Miss Smyth to go out in the carriage,' said Lady Clere, 'it is putting her out of her place. Mrs. Cave is very different—not at all like a common governess.'

'I know,' answered Eleanor.

'Do not let Miss Smyth put herself forward, pray,' said Lady Clere ; 'I cannot have it. Adèle was saying something just now about her taking

up Annie's time in waiting on her,—a most improper thing! Annie's work is the school-room, not the governess.'

Eleanor knew that Adèle had no concern with Annie. She was sure this was an exaggeration of Adèle's, but she did not feel cordially enough towards Martha to say so.

'You must speak to Annie, yourself,' said Lady Clere; 'you should see that that sort of thing is not done, Eleanor.'

'Really, dear mamma!' said Eleanor, annoyed, 'the servants are no business of mine; how can I tell what they do?'

'It must not be!' said Lady Clere, angrily. 'Annie was not hired to be a governess's lady's maid—it is absurd.'

'Very, if it is the case,' replied Eleanor; 'but I can't help it, of course.' She wished her mother good-night, and on the way to her room went to the school-room to fetch a book. As she ran up the turret steps, she heard voices at the top, on the landing by Martha's door.

'I was just in time, miss!' said Annie.

'Thank you very much,' answered Martha.

'Oh, dear miss,' replied Annie, 'don't speak of

it—it's no trouble.—That Mamselle Adèle wanted to know what I had been out for; I wasn't going to tell her; such impertinent curiosity!'

'Hush!' said Martha.

Eleanor was just opening the school-room door below. 'That was because she heard me,' she thought; and went to her room with a worse opinion than ever of Martha. 'A great liberty, I must say, to be sending Annie out on her errands!' she said to herself; 'but I am not going to interfere with the servants. I shall let things take their course; it is the best way to arrive at the truth.'

She was feeling vexed and dissatisfied with herself and every one else; found fault pettishly with Florence, as she waited on her; and when she was gone, read a novel till Martha came to say that her light must be put out—the last finishing touch to the day's petty annoyances. She laid her head on her pillow without making any evening prayer, as was too often the case when she was out of temper. 'It is of no use to say the words,' she thought, 'when I cannot attend to them. I am not in a fit state of mind to-night. I do wish things did not worry one so!'

'Dear Mammie Chatte,' said Adelaide, tapping

at Mrs. Cave's door, before she went to bed, 'can I help you?'

'Thank you, my love,' said Mammie Chatte, opening her door, 'I have already had two such kind offers—but come in, if you like.'

This was just what Adelaide did like; to have a little quiet talk with Mammie Chatte, especially at night; it was so comfortable, sitting on the rug before the fire, with her head leaning against Mammie Chatte's knees, she could always say all she wanted to say, then.

'Dear Mammie,' said she, 'it has been a pleasant day, has it not? Eleanor is so kind and agreeable to us; I wish I knew her better. There is something very nice in her, isn't there?'

'Very,' answered Mammie Chatte; 'why are you so stiff to her?'

'How, stiff, dear Mammie?'

'You do not know it, I think. Your manners are formal, rather. Why do not you call her Eleanor, for instance? She speaks to you by your Christian name.'

'So she does, but I am afraid if I did she might not like it. You see she is rather above us, in position and everything else.'



Mamie Chatte and Adelaide having a quiet talk — *Page 74.*

“‘Manners make the man!’ it has been said,’ answered Mammie Chatte, smiling. ‘A lady is a lady: you are only her inferior in fortune, hardly in rank. It is the narrow-minded way in which you look at things, Ady, that makes half your difficulties, as I always tell you.’

‘I know,’ said Adelaide, despondingly.

‘And now you have to make a great stretch. I hope you will reap immense advantage from your *season*.’

‘Oh, Mammie,’ said Adelaide, with a face of distress, ‘you cannot think how I dread it! What could make Lady Laura take that fancy into her head? and you to sanction it, too! You must surely want to get rid of me?’

Mammie Chatte laughed. ‘I want to get rid of some things belonging to you—not of *you*,’ she answered. ‘I should not have wished it for most young persons; for instance, Eleanor Clere. One London season may just do her all the harm in the world. I think it may do you all the good in the world. I am not afraid of its making you worldly.’

‘Perhaps it may now! Then what will you do?’

‘I know you better,’ replied Mammie Chatte.

‘If Lady Laura were a worldly person, I should not have wished her to be your chaperone.’

‘Do not you call her a worldly person?’ asked Adelaide, a little surprised.

‘By no means. She is a good Christian, a good churchwoman, and a thoroughly sensible person. Living in the world, as she is obliged from circumstances to do, need not make a person worldly, need it?’

‘I don’t know,’ answered Adelaide. ‘I should have thought she was what one calls a worldly person. Why does she go to London always for the season, and go out so much, if she does not care for the world?’

‘She does so chiefly for the sake of her nephew, I believe,’ answered Mrs. Cave. ‘When you know her as well as I do, you will see and love as I do that which is so especially admirable in her—her unselfishness.’

‘I can quite imagine that,’ said Adelaide.

‘Sir Oswald is expected to stand for the county before long,’ said Mammie Chatte, ‘and it is necessary to keep up acquaintances. Lady Laura herself would prefer a much quieter life, but she thinks only of him.’

‘It is easy to see that,’ said Adelaide. ‘Mammie dear, don’t you like that poor little governess? There is something very sweet about her, is there not?’

‘Very,’ answered Mrs. Cave. ‘What made you think of her just then?’

‘Some connection of ideas, I suppose. Oh, I know what! Something in her face that reminds me of Lady Emily Stanhope.’

‘There is an expression,’ replied Mrs. Cave, ‘now you speak of it. It is that wan look, I think. But, my dear Ady, we shall have you looking wan if you sit up much longer.’

‘Oh, let me read to you before I go!’ said Adelaide—‘the evening psalms, at least. I never feel that the day is done without that.’ She took the prayer-book from the dressing-table as she spoke. ‘How nice it will be when the new church is opened,’ she said; ‘will it not? We shall have the daily service then, at last.’

‘It will be a great comfort, dear.’

‘The want of it has taught us that,’ said Adelaide.

‘There is no better teacher,’ answered Mammie Chatte, smiling.

‘Sometimes, please,’ replied Adelaide, ‘not always.

I do not know what I shall do without you, Mammie.'

'You will learn my value,' answered Mrs. Cave archly. 'That is just what I say.'

'I had rather not learn it in that way. I do wish you would let me stay at home.'

'I could not think of spoiling you by letting you have your own way. You must take the discipline that is given you, you know. I daresay you will not so much dislike it, after all.'

'Oh, indeed I shall; I do so hate going out among people that I do not know. It is a pity Eleanor and I cannot change places.'

'I do not think so,' said Mammie Chatte. 'Now, dearest, will you begin?'

'Yes, darling Mammie. What day is it? Oh, the 16th—that favourite psalm of mine, the eighty-fourth.' She put her hand into Mammie Chatte's while she read, and when she had done, kissed the hand she held fondly. 'I would rather kiss this dear hand than the Queen's,' she said, laughing, 'and sit on this rug, than go to a Drawing-room.'

'We cannot always have what we like best,' answered Mammie Chatte, kissing her. 'Good night, you great baby!'



CHAPTER VI.

GERTY.

ARE we nearly there, Gerty?' asked Agnes Leyton in a weary voice, as the carriage in which she lay drove slowly along the steep lane which led to Clereton Rectory.

'Yes, darling, I think so. It is so dark, I can hardly see,' answered Gertrude, looking out, 'and the window is so covered with the raindrops, too. Are you very tired, dearie?'

'Rather,' answered Agnes languidly. 'It will be very nice to be home again,' she added. 'I should like to die at home best.'

Gerty made no answer, but leaned down to kiss the thin, white face she loved so much.

'Why, Gerty, there is a tear on my bonnet-

string!' said Agnes, looking at her. 'Where did it come from?'

'From the clouds,' answered Gerty, trying to laugh. 'There! we are passing the Manor now. I see the lights. You will like to see Eleanor again, won't you, dearie? I shall go and fetch her as soon as you are well enough.' 'There is the Rectory,' she added presently, as the low green gate of the garden came in sight, 'and the door is open, and mamma is standing there with a light, and old Roger running to open the gate. Now, darling, you shall soon be resting in your own white bed!'

The carriage stopped at the Rectory door, and Mr. Leyton got down from the driving-seat, and took Agnes in his arms to carry her up-stairs.

'Keep the shawl up to your face, my darling,' said Mrs. Leyton. 'I will not keep you now in the air; I am coming up with you. Gerty, love, will you look after the boxes, and pay the man?'

'Yes, mother dear,' answered Gerty. 'One kiss first, if you please!'

'Dear child,' said Mrs. Leyton, kissing her warmly, and then she hurried up after Agnes. 'My treasure, how are you? Very tired, I am sure. She must go

to bed at once. Where is Nin? I left her here just now. She has been so busy making your room comfortable for you. She would do it every bit herself.'

'Dear old thing!' said Agnes. 'Are you going, papa?'

'I am going down now,' answered Mr. Leyton. 'I will look in and see you the last thing, my child, if I can. We have had such a pour of rain the last hour,' he said to Mrs. Leyton, 'I am wet through.'

'Oh, papa, and you would not come inside!' exclaimed Agnes. 'There was plenty of room.'

'Gerty was looking so fagged, I thought she would lie on the other seat,' replied her father; 'besides which, I like the air best, in spite of the rain.'

'Will you send Hearle if you see her?' said Mrs. Leyton, as her husband was going. 'Oh, here she comes! Nin, come and help me to undress Miss Agnes.'

'Oh, Miss Agnes! dear heart!' exclaimed the old nurse, housekeeper, lady's maid, or 'what-not' (as she called herself) of Clereton Rectory—one of those invaluables to be found in some houses,

who live and die with 'the family,' and never have an object beyond it: who consider 'the family,' and all belonging to it, their own especial possession, and feel themselves privileged to do anything and everything 'that comes to hand,' as they say, in its service. Just such an one was Hearle.

'It's a good sight to see you back again, my darling,' she exclaimed, taking Miss Agnes's thin hand in her own, and stroking it with the greatest affection.

'You never expected it, did you, Nin dear?' said Agnes, kissing her,

'No, indeed, dear heart! Thanks be for it. You will get well after all, Miss Agnes!'

'Shall I, Nin?' said Agnes sadly. 'You are a wonderful prophet!'

'Always was, Miss Agnes,' answered Nin, with the freedom of an old servant.

Agnes laughed. Gerty came in then, and between her and her mother, and old Nin, Agnes was soon comfortably lodged in bed.

'Miss Clere sent you those flowers, Miss Agnes,' said Hearle, pointing to a beautiful bunch of exotics which adorned the little table on the window. 'I met her this morning out walking with the Miss

Wilton's, and I told her you were coming home to-night.'

'How kind!' said Agnes. 'Let me see them, please, Nin?'

'She was so pleased, Miss Gerty,' said Hearle, as she gave Agnes the flowers, 'to hear that you were coming back. "To-night!" says she, smiling so!'

'Ah, Nin,' said Gerty, 'you let out all my secrets! I was going to surprise her. She did not expect us yet.'

'You must forgive me, Miss Gerty, dear,' said Nin, 'I did not know it was your secret. Shall I bring Miss Agnes's supper, please, ma'am?' said she to Mrs. Leyton.

'Yes, do, Nin, and stay with her, will you? I must go to your master. Gerty, dearest, I can see that you have a bad headache.'

'Oh, nothing, mother dear, at all,' replied Gerty cheerfully. 'Every one feels this sudden heat.'

'It has been very close to-day,' answered her mother. 'I have been thinking of you both all day, wishing I could help you through it. It seems such an age since I left you at Rocklee.'

'A whole week, mother dear,' said Gerty, kissing her,

‘So long to be without you, Agnes, darling! I shall come to you after supper. Are you quite comfortable?’

‘Quite, dear, thank you. Nin will take care of me, be sure!’

‘One more kiss, my treasure, my own!’ said Mrs. Leyton, stooping over her child with a heart full of thankfulness to Him who had spared her to her a little longer; and then Gerty, winding her arm round her mother, went down with her. ‘Agnes has been a little better the last week,’ she said; ‘Dr. Lewis quite seemed to think so.’

‘Did he, really?’ asked Mrs. Leyton; ‘I think very much of his opinion.’

‘Quite—did he not, papa?’

‘I think so,’ answered Mr. Leyton. ‘He is a man of few words.’

‘Which makes one think more of them,’ said Mrs. Leyton, hopefully.

‘Yes, it does,’ said Gerty. ‘He said, indeed, that she might even rally, with the warm weather, as she did last year.’

‘Indeed!—did he?—dear child!’

Mr. Leyton looked grave, however; he was not quite so sanguine; he knew too well the deceitful-

ness of the disease, and had a foreboding at his heart that his child was come home to die.

‘Jacobs has been here,’ said Mrs. Leyton to her husband, as they sat down to supper, ‘asking for you. He is in great trouble, poor man.’

‘What about?’ asked Mr. Leyton.

‘There was a fire in Clereton last night, and his cottage was burnt to the ground. His mother was very much injured, poor thing, and is hardly expected to live.’

‘Indeed!’ said Mr. Leyton. ‘Have you seen her?’

‘I went to her this morning,’ replied Mrs. Leyton. ‘She was carried into Jones’s cottage, next door. She was in great suffering, poor soul! and asked anxiously if you were come back. I said that you were expected to-night.’

‘I will go at once,’ said Mr. Leyton, rising from his untasted supper. ‘Poor thing!’

‘Let me come too, dearest papa,’ said Gerty.

‘Not to-night, my child,’ answered her father, ‘it is too much for you after such a journey.’

‘Indeed, papa, I am not at all tired,’ said Gerty, rising as she spoke. Mr. Leyton put his hand on her shoulder, and made her sit down

again. 'Just do what you are bid!' he said, smiling. Gerty drew down his head, and kissed him. 'I may at least fetch you a dry hat, dear papa, mayn't I?' she asked, laughing, and ran quickly up-stairs for it, without waiting for an answer, and as quickly down again, and put it on his head.

'Thank you, my child,' he said; 'don't sit up for me, either of you. I may be some hours; one never knows.'

'Do take something before you go,' said Mrs. Leyton.

'Oh, I shall do very well, if you leave the supper here. I could not delay a moment, in such a case. I will just take a glass of wine, and put a piece of bread in my poeket. I shall take the door-key and let myself in. Goodnight, my child.'

Gerty knelt before her father for his evening blessing, and then embraced him fondly.

'Tell Agnes,' he said, 'with my love and blessing, that I will come and look at her asleep, when I come in,' and he hastened away to Jones's cottage.

The poor woman was lying in the kitchen in great suffering. She was very badly burnt, and her groans of pain were most distressing. Her son was sitting by her in speechless grief.

‘Oh, sir !’ he exclaimed, as Mr. Leyton opened the door, ‘this is a God-send. Katie, the Rector is come ! She has been calling for you, sir, all day. The doctor says she can’t live over two days at most, she gets worse every hour.’

‘Is there anything she wants?’ asked Mr. Leyton,—‘anything she can have that will ease her? You shall get it at once, if there is.’

‘You are her best ease, sir, I believe,’ said Jacobs. ‘She knows it’s you, sir. See, Katie, he’s come. She can’t say much, for the anguish.’

The poor woman opened her eyes and looked gratefully at Mr. Leyton. ‘Very good,’ she articulated with difficulty. ‘Pray for me.’

‘That I will !’ he answered, ‘you poor soul !’

‘A true word,’ she replied. ‘Oh ! if I could die easy.’

Mr. Leyton took out his pocket-book and wrote a hurried line to his wife, and gave it to Jacobs, saying, ‘Take it to the Rectory and wait for the answer. Hearle will come back with you. Can she take any food?’

‘Anything liquid-like, sir ; she can’t eat a morsel. That dear angel of a lady from the Manor brought her some jelly to-day, the only thing she’s touched.’

‘Miss Clere?’ asked Mr. Leyton.

‘No, sir, the little deformed lady—the angel that she is! She speaks just like a minister; so comforting,’ said the man.

‘Make haste now to the Rectory,’ said Mr. Leyton. ‘Do you think you could get any one to help you to carry back a feather-bed and pillows? They must be well wrapt round in blankets to keep off the damp; though it has done raining now, I think.’

‘Ay, that I can, sir! Oh, it’s too good!’ answered Jacobs, with glistening eyes. He closed the door and ran off to the Rectory; while Mr. Leyton knelt beside the poor sufferer and said, taking her hand kindly, ‘What do you think will make you die easy?’



CHAPTER VII.

LEARNING HER PLACE.

‘**M**ILADI vous attend, Mademoiselle. She desire to speak to you,’ said Adèle, coming into the school-room without knocking. Martha was alone, reading. Mrs. Cave had a bad headache, and was gone to lie down in her room, and the girls were out.

‘Thank you,’ answered Martha, ‘where shall I find her?’

‘In her dressing-room; you can find de way dere, I suppose !’

‘Oh, yes,’ answered Martha; and she laid down her book, wondering inwardly what was coming. It was the first time she had seen Lady Clere since the night of her arrival.

‘I wished to speak to you, Miss Smyth,’ said

Lady Clere, in a tone which boded nothing agreeable. Martha waited, standing by the table ; she was not offered a seat.

‘I am very much surprised to find that you are so ignorant of your duties, Miss Smyth,’ said Lady Clere.

Martha looked up, herself surprised. ‘What can I have done?’ she thought ; but waited to hear.

‘It is most unaccountable to me, how you could have permitted my daughter to go out walking, without Mrs. Cave or yourself, to Llanferne Abbey ! It is a thing I am extremely particular about,’ continued Lady Clere, in a tone of increasing irritation. ‘I cannot understand your permitting it—a thing every governess knows to be her duty ! So highly improper to let young persons, not out of the school-room, go for long country walks by themselves, without any sort of attendant ; and, even if you were so ignorant, I wonder at Mrs. Cave’s allowing it.’

‘Mrs. Cave did not know it, I believe,’ answered Martha. ‘She is in her room with a bad headache.’

‘And you took advantage of that, and excused yourself too ! I am astonished at your conduct, Miss Smyth, and excessively displeased.’

‘I did not understand,’ said Martha; but Lady Clere interrupted her haughtily.

‘You will be so good as to understand, then, in future; and if anything of this sort happens again, you will lose your situation. Pray, don’t speak,’ she added, seeing that Martha was about to do so; ‘pray, don’t speak! There is no excuse for such neglect. You did not come here, Miss Smyth, to consult your own convenience, but to attend to my daughter. If you do not know the duties of your position, I must engage some one who does.’

‘I am exceedingly sorry. I will try to fulfil them better.’

‘I beg that you will,’ answered Lady Clere. ‘Recollect that I do not wish my daughter to go out of the grounds at all without you, except when she goes with Colonel Clere or myself. You ought to have known that, and not have required to be told of it. It seems, too, that you have private business of your own which takes you out at any hour! ’

Martha coloured.

‘I see it *is* true,’ said Lady Clere angrily, ‘though I could hardly credit it. And you let my daughter go unattended, that you may go out for your own rambles, or your own business! Unheard-of impro-

priety! Pray, may I ask what took you out walking in Clereton this morning, when you were unable to attend your own pupil?’

Martha was silent.

‘It is going rather too far, Miss Smyth,’ said Lady Clere. ‘I consider it taking a very great liberty; and if anything of the sort occurs again, you leave immediately; you understand?’

‘It shall not happen again,’ said Martha. ‘I am sorry to have given you cause for displeasure.’ She curtseyed, and withdrew, leaving Lady Clere rather amazed at the way in which her reproof had been received. True meekness was something quite new to her; and in spite of her annoyance, she was mollified. She could not help feeling the contrast between Martha’s quiet self-possession and her own irritability. It troubled her. She took up her book, read a few words, and laid it down again: her thoughts reverted to Martha. ‘How very strange that she gave no explanation! I can’t understand it. She must know that it was a very improper thing to do. There must be something even more wrong underneath, for her to take it so quietly; and, by the way, she did not answer my question as to what took her out.’

Lady Clere rang her bell.

‘I wish to speak to Miss Smyth again,’ she said to Adèle.

‘She is dis minute gone out, miladi,’ answered Adèle, with a half smile.

‘Gone out! You are mistaken surely.’

‘I see her wid my own eyes, madame, pardon, go down de avenue. I could not mistake *her*, she walk so slow and hobbling,’ answered Adèle, glancing at her own elegant figure.

‘Very well,’ was Lady Clere’s reply. ‘Let me know when she comes in.’

‘Certainment, madame,’ answered Adèle.

The afternoon passed, and the dressing-bell rang, and Adèle went to Lady Clere’s room to assist at her toilet. ‘De young ladies are just now come in, miladi,’ she said.

‘Is Miss Smyth not in?’ asked Lady Clere.

‘Non, madame,’ was the answer.

Lady Clere made no further remark. She did not wish to manifest her irritation to Adèle; but the latter was too quick-sighted not to see it.

Martha came in about eight o’clock, looking extremely ill. She could hardly drag herself upstairs. The first person she met was Annie.

‘If you please, Miss,’ she said, ‘Ma’amselle Adèle has been ever so many times to the turret to see if you were in. My lady wished to speak to you. She is in the drawing-room now, though, with the young ladies.’

‘They are come in, then?’ asked Martha.

‘Yes, Miss,’ replied Annie. ‘They came in between six and seven, and my lady sent for them to take tea in the drawing-room. Will you please to have your tea now, miss?’

‘Where is Mrs. Cave?’ asked Martha; ‘has she had her tea?’

‘She is better, miss, and gone down-stairs. My lady sent to ask her to come down. There is no visitors to dinner to-night.’

‘Oh!’ answered Martha.

‘You look dreadful tired, Miss,’ said Annie, compassionately;

‘Yes, I am very tired,’ replied Martha, smiling. ‘I should be glad if you would bring me a cup of tea; it is all I want. I shall go and lie on my bed. Would you kindly bring it up-stairs, instead of to the school-room?’

‘Oh yes, Miss, with pleasure,’ replied Annie, flying down. She did not know why it was that

she liked so much doing anything for Martha. She set about preparing a tray with the greatest alacrity, saying to herself: 'She shall have it nice and comfortable for once, poor thing!' and having buttered some toast, and made interest with the cook for an egg, she proceeded with it up the back-stairs in fear and trembling lest she should meet the housekeeper. Unfortunately, Mrs. Loftus was at that moment on her way to her own comfortable supper, and just lighted upon Annie as she was going into the turret.

'What's this?' said she in a voice which made Annie quake. 'You don't mean to say it's for the governess?'

'If you please, ma'am——' began Annie.

'But I don't please,' returned Mrs. Loftus. 'You just walk down again. I'm not going to have meals taken up at all sorts of interminable hours. I never heard of such a thing. Why can't she come in in proper time? Buttered toast and eggs, indeed! What next? Governesses don't have things sent up in that style here. Why, it could not have been more luxuriant if it had been for me myself, or my lady. Did you ever, Mademoiselle Adèle?' she continued, as Adèle just then appeared at the

side door, 'did you ever see such airs in a governess?'

Adèle laughed contemptuously. 'No wonder,' she said, 'such a grand lady as *she* is. She make Annie do what she like, you see, Mrs. Loftus, as I tell you before.'

'Yes, yes, I see,' replied Mrs. Loftus, 'it won't answer here, though, and that she'll find. If I didn't know it was her doing more than yours, Annie, you'd lose your place this hour!'

'It's not her doing, then,' answered Annie, 'it's mine. She asked for no more than a cup of tea. She's ill, and worn out, poor thing!'

Adèle and Mrs. Loftus laughed.

'Poor thing, indeed!' said the latter; 'don't tell me! You're a simpleton, Annie. Now take that tray into my room, and wait there. I've letters for you to take to the post which can't be delayed, and are of more importunity than her tea.'

'Do, pray, let her have it, Mrs. Loftus, before I go. Let me run up with it now, I won't be a minute —only this once.'

'How can you think of such a thing, when my letters are waiting to go to the post? Do what I tell you—I'll see to her tea.'

‘Will you?’ said Annie. ‘Oh, thank you, Mrs. Loftus. She’s so tired and poorly, please let her have it at once;’ and she laid the tray down in the housekeeper’s room, as desired.

‘There’s the letters,’ said Mrs. Loftus, ‘two of mine, and one of Mademoiselle Adèle’s. Do you take the governess’s letters?’

‘When she has any,’ replied Annie.

‘Very well,’ said Mrs. Loftus; ‘now you be quick, or you won’t be in time.’

‘You will let her have some tea, Mrs. Loftus?’ said Annie once more.

‘I’ll see to that,’ was the answer; and Annie ran off to the post, while Mrs. Loftus and Adèle sat down to their hot supper, and discussed the governess.

‘I’ll look sharper after Annie,’ said the housekeeper, as she rose from supper. ‘I see it is necessary. I didn’t know the governess was such a one to give herself airs. There’s her tea, by the way; it’s cold now, and there’s no one to take it up; Catherine won’t, of course, it’s not her place. Well, she can do without for once, I should think; it won’t hurt her. She should have come IN in proper time.’

'I am right glad this visit is over,' said Eleanor the next morning to Martha, as they sat alone again at breakfast.

'Really!' said Martha, 'is not that a little inhospitable?'

'Well, I cannot help it if I do not like some people,' replied Eleanor. 'Now I will show you some one I really do like, after dinner to-day.'

'Is Miss Leyton returned?' Martha asked.

'Yes, rather before I expected her. I met their old servant yesterday, in our walk, and she told me they were to arrive last night. I must go there to-day.'

Martha made no reply. She was looking very ill, and as if she had had no sleep; but Eleanor was not given to observing other people's looks, and if she had seen it, would probably have set it down to Martha's 'unfortunate low spirits.'

'That walk yesterday was a good thought,' she continued. 'I really did enjoy it; we all did. It is so very lovely about Llanferne and those fine old ruins!'

'What distance do you call it from here?' asked Martha.

'Between two and three miles,' replied Eleanor.

'My dear,' answered Martha, 'I did not understand that from what you said.'

'I know that!' said Eleanor, laughing. 'I was not going to drag you there.'

'I think you should have told me,' said Martha gently. 'You will not mislead me again in this way, I hope. I quite thought, from what you told me, that it was only just outside the grounds, and where your mamma allowed you to go alone.'

'Oh, I knew I might go there,' answered Eleanor, 'and I did not want to trouble you about it. Three companions are quite enough for propriety in a country walk, surely!'

'Your mamma does not like it,' said Martha; 'she does not think it correct for you to go out of the grounds without some older person. You must not do it again while I am with you.'

Eleanor laughed. 'Just one of mamma's fidgets,' she answered, 'so absurd!'

'Hush!' said Martha sternly, 'that is not a right way to speak of your mother.'

Eleanor felt angry at the rebuke, and sat down to her drawing in silence. She did not see that there were tears in Martha's eyes. The lessons were gone through stiffly. Eleanor was upset, but,

in spite of herself, subdued. It annoyed her to feel that there was that in Martha which controlled her; but she was determined to make a struggle to get her own way yet. As she rose from dinner, she said haughtily,—

‘I am going to the Rectory this afternoon, Miss Smyth.’

‘Very well, my dear, after your music lesson we will go,’ answered Martha.

‘I may go *there* alone,’ said Eleanor. ‘I have constantly done so, and mamma allows it.’

‘I should like to come with you,’ said Martha, ‘if you have no objection. I want to see your friend Gerty, of whom I have heard so much.’

‘I intended to bring her here,’ said Eleanor, in a dissatisfied tone.

‘And may I not have the pleasure of the walk with you?’ asked Martha.

‘Of course you can come if you like,’ answered Eleanor coldly; ‘but I have always been in the habit of going there alone when I pleased, so you need not think it a necessary propriety to accompany me.’

‘You did so, I suppose, when you had no governess?’

‘I have always done it,’ Eleanor replied, with impatience.

‘With your mamma’s knowledge?’

‘Of course she knew it,’ answered Eleanor.

‘She does not wish it now,’ Martha replied gently, ‘and you will not do what your mother does not wish, I am sure. I shall always be ready to walk there with you when you like to go, at proper times.’

Eleanor vouchsafed no reply ; she felt extremely cross, and hardly answered Martha when she spoke during their walk through the village. Once at the Rectory, however, all was forgotten in the delight of seeing Gerty.

Gertrude Leyton was a great contrast to her friend. She was rather short, almost awkward-looking ; there was nothing striking about her except her countenance, which was really beautiful. It was very different from Eleanor’s commanding style of beauty ; it was a child-like, innocent face, with bright speaking eyes and an exceedingly sweet smile—an index to the purity and trustful child-like peace which dwelt within.

Martha was fascinated by it, as she stood unnoticed behind the friends, forgotten in the first

delight of their meeting ; then, reminded by Gerty's look of inquiry, Eleanor introduced Martha formally.

'Are you going out, Gerty ?' asked Eleanor. 'I see you are dressed.'

'I was just going to see poor Mrs. Jacobs,' Gerty answered. 'You know what a sad state she is in ?'

'I heard of it as I passed through Clereton yesterday ; but I have not seen her.'

'Will you walk there with me, then ? Papa wished me to go at once. Miss Smyth, you look tired ; will you rest here while we go ? Do now, lie down on the sofa. I am sure it will do you good.'

'I could not think of being so lazy,' answered Martha. 'Thank you very much, I would rather go with you.'

'Shall we come, then ?' said Gerty, looking at Eleanor. She did not understand Eleanor's cloudy look. 'I must fetch a certain basket first,' she added, and hastened away for it.

'I wish you would not trouble yourself, Miss Smyth,' said Eleanor, as soon as she was gone. 'I assure you, mamma allows me to walk about anywhere with Gerty.'

'My dear, your mamma has expressed her wish to me that I should always walk with you out of the Manor grounds,' answered Martha firmly, 'unless you are with herself or your papa. She made no exception, and I can make none, can I?'

Eleanor made no answer, but walked to the window, and played with her parasol. 'I suppose I shall never be able to speak to Gerty alone now,' she thought, irritably. 'What a tyranny!'

Gerty appeared at the door a moment after, and they set out to Jones's cottage. There they found old Nin established as nurse, an office she was very proud of,—there was nothing she liked better than being sent out to nurse the sick poor of the village. She had already made a considerable difference in the poor woman's comfort, and the kind supplies from the Rectory had greatly helped to alleviate her sufferings. She was looking calm and peaceful, and her husband thought, and said, that there was 'no such doctor as his Reverence.'

Eleanor was greatly shocked at the dreadful sight of the burnt and blackened face of the poor sufferer, and still more surprised at her quietness, and patience, and thankful words. It struck Eleanor that there was something very shocking in her own irri-

tability at little trifles, and the sight made her feel inwardly ashamed of herself.

‘I am to wait here for papa,’ said Gerty. ‘He is coming to give her Holy Communion.’

‘Then we had better not stay,’ said Eleanor.

She drew Gerty aside, while Martha was speaking to the poor woman, and slipping a sovereign into her hand, said, awkwardly—

‘Use it for her, will you? Hush!’—for she saw she was going to be thanked.

‘There is papa turning the corner of the lane,’ said Gerty, looking out of the window.

‘Good-bye, then,’ said Eleanor. ‘I shall hope to see Agnes in a day or two, when she has got over her journey. Come to the Manor to-morrow, if you can, Gerty dear.’ She kissed Gerty, and hurried Martha away. She always avoided meeting Mr. Leyton when she could, for—she did not know why, but she was a little afraid of him.



CHAPTER VIII.

FEMALE LOGIC.

ERTY had a general invitation to the Manor; she could come and go as she liked. She was a great favourite there; partly, it might be, on account of her musical talent, which delighted Colonel Clere, and which Lady Clere thought an advantage to Eleanor. Gerty was quite Eleanor's equal in point of cultivation, and in much her superior, though with fewer outward accomplishments. Mr. Leyton had himself had some share in her education; the little time he could spare from his parochial duties being divided between nursing his sick child and teaching Gerty. She called with her father at the Manor the next morning, and Eleanor kept her for the rest of the day.

Mr. Leyton came to announce to Lady Clere that the church would be opened for daily service the week following. He said he hoped some of the household from the Manor would be able to attend, as it would set the example to the Clereton people.

Lady Clere listened, and answered, that it was very desirable, but she really did not know who could be spared. As for herself and Colonel Clere, it was out of the question, of course, so early.

‘There is the evening service, at seven, also,’ observed Mr. Leyton.

‘Ah, true; that would be more reasonable, but, unfortunately, seven is our dinner hour,’ Lady Clere replied; ‘I am afraid it will be quite impossible for us.’

Mr. Leyton glanced at Eleanor.

‘Oh, Eleanor certainly cannot! It would be too great a break upon the school-room duties,’ said Lady Clere, smiling.

The Rector did not smile, he replied:

‘Do not you think the daily service might help on the studies? It is only half an hour, or three-quarters at most. Gerty will attend it always.’

‘Gerty is rather different,’ said Lady Clere.

‘You see, Eleanor has not much more time in the school-room, and it is of importance that she should make the most of it.’

‘My dearest mamma,’ said Eleanor, ‘seven o’clock is the very time I am free from lessons. I could quite well go in the evening.’ This was said in the spirit of opposition, for the moment before, when it was proposed, she had been thinking how she should hate being ‘dragged to church’ every day.

‘Yes, and what would your papa say?’ answered Lady Clere.

‘By all means, my darling, if you like!’ replied Eleanor, laughing. They all laughed; and Eleanor added, ‘And he will come too, if I like!’

Lady Clere knew very well that he would. She did not want it to be the fashion at the Manor to attend daily service. She said:

‘It is such a break in upon one’s evening to have some of the family absent at church! It could not be a regular thing,’ determining in her own mind that it should not be at all.

‘I had forgotten that seven was your dinner hour,’ said Mr. Leyton. ‘Of course I wish to arrange what best suits all. Six would do just as

well for Clereton, perhaps better. It has not been given out yet.'

'Oh, pray do not think of altering the time for us,' said Lady Clere.

'We will see what Colonel Clere says,' replied Mr. Leyton.

'The Lord of the Manor!' said Eleanor, laughing. She carried off Gerty up-stairs, leaving them to discuss it.

Lady Clere immediately began to remark on Eleanor's love of opposition, saying :

'It would be much better for her to learn to yield to her mother's wishes, than to go to church a dozen times a day.'

'I quite agree with you,' said the Rector, 'but I also regret that your wishes are opposed to those of the Church.'

Lady Clere coloured. She was used, however, to sharp speeches from the Rector. She smiled and answered :

'We will not quarrel! You know, I do not see the good of going to church so often. It does not make people better or pleasanter.'

'Does it not?' replied Mr. Leyton. 'Whose fault is that, then, if it is so?'

‘Besides which,’ said Lady Clere, getting out of his question, ‘it is very inconvenient often, and puts people out of the way.’

‘People will put themselves a great deal more out of the way to go to a ball or a dinner-party,’ answered Mr. Leyton. ‘What is your next objection?’

‘Why, a serious one; not personal, recollect. But I don’t want Eleanor to be a Puseyite. She is too young to take up that sort of thing. I cannot have it.’

‘Excuse me,’ said the Rector. ‘May I ask what you mean by a Puseyite?’

‘Everybody knows what a Puseyite is!’ said Lady Clere. ‘You know what I mean, perfectly.’

‘I have heard different definitions of the term,’ replied Mr. Leyton. ‘They vary. Some describe it to be “a horrid subtle thing;” others, again, pronounce it to be “a dull dry prig,” “a formalist,” or as some have it,

“An Anglican angular,
Stiff and particular.”

Is that yours?’

‘Not exactly,’ answered Lady Clere, laughing heartily.

‘What *is* yours?’ asked the Rector. ‘I should like to hear.’

‘Oh, what I mean by a Puseyite,’ replied Lady Clere, ‘is a person who goes to daily service in all weathers, thinks it necessary to affect a dismal dress, eats no meat on Fridays, and that sort of thing; people who make themselves ill of religion, in fact. I can’t have Eleanor’s health or complexion spoilt. It is all very well for people of a certain age who like to do it, but it is not the thing for her. Those ways unfit people for society. I mean such society as we move in,’ she added, recollecting that Mr. Leyton himself was supposed to be guilty of something of the kind.

‘Your argument is only equalled by your definition,’ he replied, gravely. ‘Those ways, as you call them, do not suit the world, it is true. Have you no thought for yourself and those you love beyond this world?’

‘Of course I have,’ she replied. ‘But one has a position in society to keep up, and cannot make one’s self singular.’

‘Rather, that very position should be the reason for setting an example,’ said Mr. Leyton. ‘I hope that it will, when you come to think it over. I do

not speak of yourself. One does not expect an invalid to attend daily service ; but it plainly is your duty to encourage, or at least allow it, in your household. Whether it makes people better and pleasanter, or not, or subjects them to party names or inconvenience, or anything else which is disagreeable, is not the question. There can be no doubt that it is the duty of every member of the Church who can do so to attend her appointed services ; and you incur a very great responsibility if you forbid it.'

Lady Clere was silent. She valued the Rector's friendship, and was desirous of his good opinion, but she did not know how to get over his plain, strong words, sometimes. She dreaded a *tête-a-tête* with him, almost as much as Eleanor could have done, because he said things which made her think ; and she did not like reflection on some subjects.

'Come,' he said, 'I shall hope that you will think over it, and do what is right. Recollect, you set Eleanor an example of undutifulness in yourself refusing to favour her attendance at the daily service ; and though one would not for a moment encourage opposition in her, you could hardly complain if she did oppose you in that matter.'

‘It would not be from principle if she did,’ answered Lady Clere, ‘but self-love.’

‘Now you will hardly forgive me, I suppose,’ replied the Rector, ‘if I apply the same remark to yourself. It is not from principle that you object to her attending the daily service. Your objections centre in the supposed detriment to her health or her complexion;—only supposed, observe, because it would be neither necessary nor right for her to go out in all weathers.’

‘Oh, well, she can go occasionally, I do not mind that; but you know how one thing leads to another, and, if she once takes it into her head to adopt extreme views, she will follow them out, and I shall have her end in being a Sister of Mercy, or something of that sort. You know her headlong disposition.’

‘I think,’ answered Mr. Leyton, ‘that with such dispositions, opposition fosters the very evil it is intended to counteract. I do not, at present, see any tendency in Eleanor to that which you predict; she has too little sense of religion, I grieve to say. You ought to be thankful for any means which might lead her to a better knowledge of her duty.’

‘She does not want for knowledge,’ answered Lady Clere, ‘she knows well enough.’

‘Alas! we all know better than we do,’ replied the Rector. ‘I should have said, to a better practice of her duty; and practical religion alone will do this.’

Lady Clere was silenced but not persuaded, and, feeling herself unequal to argue the point, changed the subject.

Mr. Leyton left the Manor, as he always did, disappointed and troubled at heart. What more disheartening to one who has the care of souls, than that cold, calculating worldliness, which will go just as far with religion as is necessary for its own convenience and respectability, and no further!

‘I shall go, see if I don’t, whenever I choose,’ was Eleanor’s laughing remark to Gerty, as the latter took off her bonnet and shawl in Eleanor’s room.

‘Well, I shall like it very much if you can, you may be sure, dear, if Lady Clere gives you leave. You won’t go against her wishes, Eleanor?’

‘Do you think she ought to forbid it, Gerty?’

‘I don’t know,’ answered Gerty. ‘There may be reasons. We cannot be the judges of what our parents do.’

‘*No* one has a right to forbid what the Church commands,’ said Eleanor decidedly; ‘and if it

were only for the sake of proving that to mamma, I should go.'

'The Church commands obedience to the powers that be,' returned Gerty, smiling, 'doesn't she?'

'The *higher* powers,' retorted Eleanor, 'Which are the higher, the natural or the spiritual?'

'Now, I shall not argue with you, because you are as perverse as you can be: all the quips and quibbles in the world will not prove to me that you are right.'

'Well, there are exceptions to every rule.'

'Yes, that is what people say when they have no other argument; a nice get-off!'

Eleanor laughed. 'If I were not so much afraid of your father, Gerty, I should ask him about it,' she said.

'I wish you would,' answered Gerty earnestly. 'He could tell you so much better than I what is right. Why *are* you afraid of him? Shall I tell him that you are? Perhaps he could remove the cause of your alarm.'

'Not for the world!' exclaimed Eleanor. 'Oh, pray don't, Gerty! Now, promise me that you will not. I should never be able to look him in the face again. I beg you won't!'

‘Not if you would rather not, dear ; but it really is very causeless. If you only knew him better, Eleanor ! He is the very last person to be afraid of.’

‘Of course *you* think so ! I sometimes wish I were you, Gerty. Do you ever wish I were anything but myself ?’

‘What a question to ask a friend !—that is what I call taking advantage !’

‘A *real* friend would tell one the truth,’ replied Eleanor, a little proudly.

‘Yes, and never be looked upon as a real friend again !’ said Gerty, laughing. ‘No, I am not your judge, Ellie ; I have enough to do to look at home. Besides, do not they say love is blind ?’

‘I think it must be,’ said Eleanor, kissing her ; ‘otherwise, how could you love me ?’

Gerty smiled. ‘And now,’ said she, ‘tell me what you have been doing all these weeks while I have been away.’

‘Nothing !’ replied Eleanor, ‘except moon all day over Byron and Lalla Rookh, until Miss Smyth came. She makes me work.’

‘That reminds me ; I have a book in my pocket

for you, which I got at Rocklee,' said Gerty. 'I chose poetry, because I know that you like that better than anything. I am sure you will like it, for I do. Rather a different style from Byron, though,' she added, taking it out.

'Thank you, so very much, Gerty dear! I shall feast upon it when you are gone.'

'We must have a good practice together at our old Grands,' said Gerty. 'I have not touched a note since I left Clereton. Oh, Agnes has been *so* ill!' Her eyes filled as she spoke.

'I am longing to see her,' answered Eleanor. 'Clereton will revive her, she loves it so dearly.'

'That she does,' replied Gerty. 'Who could help it? Dear old place! it is looking lovelier than ever in its autumn dress.'

'The Manor woods are just in their glory,' said Eleanor. 'I have been painting the mill, and the copse above it; it is every colour of the rainbow. Miss Smyth reads aloud while we sit out there. She reads *Celestial Scenery*, while I paint terrestrial. I can't say that I listen much.'

'Do you like her?' asked Gerty.

'I want to talk to you about that,' answered Eleanor. 'Not to-day, though; you shall see and

judge for yourself first. I must have a consultation with you by and by.'

'You are very mysterious,' said Gerty, laughing.

'There *is* a mystery,' replied Eleanor.

'I think by her look that I shall like her. She does not give me the idea of being an ordinary person.'

'She is certainly clever,' replied Eleanor. 'Shall we adjourn to the school-room now, and try our Grands? We are going to have a good practice, Miss Smyth,' she continued, as they entered the room.

'I am very glad to hear it,' said Martha; 'I have been wishing for your return, Miss Leyton, to put a little spirit into Eleanor's practising.'

Gerty smiled. 'Did the spirit depart with me?' she asked.

Eleanor made no reply, but placed the music. She looked cloudy. Martha knew what her look meant. She remained in the room for a little while, and then took her writing up-stairs, without seeming to do so purposely, and left the girls together till dinner-time. Martha read manner very quickly, and saw that Eleanor already looked upon her as little short of a tyrant. She was anxious to

prove that it was not so, and that she was ready to give her all the licence that was compatible with her duty. She felt very sorry for the evident prejudice Eleanor had against her, and wondered in what it originated. She thought, perhaps, it was her deformity, and the idea troubled her. ‘ Yet why should it?’ she thought; ‘ is it not God’s will that I should be so? I ought to thank Him even for that, I know.’ She put on her shawl, for her little room was damp and chilly, and sat down to finish her letter. It was long, and closely written, the outpouring of her heart; for it was to one who had been her friend and counsellor from childhood. At the end of it she wrote:

‘ It was strange, was it not, my meeting with poor Adèle here? She can scarcely speak to me with calmness; it seems to annoy her much. I hardly wonder at it. She taxed me with deceit in having changed my name; I cannot think how she knew that. She threatens to inform Lady C. of this fact. What shall I do in that case? If it is known, it will bring me into difficulties. I feel myself to be an object of general dislike here; it troubles me more than it ought; pains me often. Is this self-love? I think you will say so. Ah!

the inexpressible comfort of having one to whom I can tell all, who will enter into all, and guide and help me in all. My own best friend on earth, I long to see you again. What joy it will be when it comes at last !'

She ended and sealed her letter, and went down-stairs to find Annie, and ask her to take it to the post. As she passed the school-room door, she dropped it accidentally ; and while she was groping about to find it (for the turret stairs were but dimly lighted by a loophole window some way above), Adèle opened the gallery door and saw her. Martha's cheeks were crimson at the moment, from the effort of stooping, which was always painful to her. Adèle passed her with a contemptuous sneer, and went down the turret stairs to the room below, which was Annie's. 'Ah,' she said to Annie, 'I catch your *lady* at fine tricks ! Vat you tink I see her doing now dis same minute ?'

'No harm, I'm positive,' replied Annie sturdily.

'Mean, vile vays !' answered Adèle. 'I tell you I catch her listening at de door to vat de young ladies say !'

'I'm certain sure you didn't then, ma'amselle,' returned Annie. 'She'd no more do it than she'd

fly ; and if you think so, it's because you do such things yourself.'

The rouge on Adèle's cheeks scarcely concealed the colour which rose in them at this retort.

'Impertinence !' she exclaimed furiously, ' What do you mean, pray, by so speaking to me ?'

'I mean what I say, ma'amselle,' replied Annie ; ' and you may take it as you can.'

'Annie !' said Martha, tapping at the door. She had unavoidably heard what passed in coming down, as Adèle had not shut it. Annie came out, looking very flushed and angry. Martha's calm voice quieted her directly. She said, 'Can you take this letter for me, please, Annie ? I should like it to go at once, if you have nothing particularly to do just now.'

'No, I haven't, Miss,' replied Annie. 'I'll take it now, before I lay the dinner.'

Martha went up-stairs again, hoping that Annie's going out would put a stop to the dispute, and intending to speak to her when she came in.

Adèle heard Martha's commission. Her manner to Annie instantly changed, and she said in an off-hand way, 'Come, come ; no quarrel. Only dis minute I vant you to do me a leetle kindness.'

Annie was taken in by Adèle's flattering manner, who was generally foremost in snubbing her. She asked—

‘What is it, ma'amselle?’

‘I must go in the village now directly, absolutely obliged. If you could but brush miladi's velvet bonnet for me! She shall require it after lunch. Could you now be so complaisante? I vill take de governess' letter for once, if it vants to go particular.’

‘Will you?’ said Annie. ‘Now that's what I call kind in you. I'll brush my lady's bonnet, if you'll be sure to post this?’

‘Surely I shall. Von good turn deserve anoder, on dit,’ answered Adèle, putting the letter in her pocket; adding inwardly, ‘So does von bad turn!’



CHAPTER IX.

GERTY'S 'YES.'

GERTY left the Manor late that evening, and Colonel Clere walked back with her, as he generally insisted on doing. He was an odd mixture of good nature and caustic humour, politeness and fun. Gerty always felt a little shy in these *tête-a-têtes*; afraid to be silent, and afraid to speak, either lest he should say something satirical about the goddess Angerona, as he once did, or get her into some argument that she could not get out of, which he took a mischievous delight in doing. So revolving in her own mind what to begin upon, as she went down the long flight of broad stone steps, and feeling that she must make an effort before she got to the first white gate, she thought of the daily service, and con-

sidered whether she should start that subject. She rather wished to, and began.

‘Did you see papa this morning?’

‘I had not that pleasure,’ answered Colonel Clere. ‘I was most painfully engaged at the time that your father called. In what way, should you suppose?’

‘I really cannot tell,’ replied Gerty. ‘How?’

‘Why, on my knees,’ said Colonel Clere, and stopped short. If Gerty had been older, she might have said, she was glad to hear it. She did not venture, however.

‘On my knees, I say, with a needle in my hand.’

‘Working?’ asked Gerty, laughing.

‘Not exactly; and yet, yes, I was working too; not in your style, though; I was working a thorn out of Agamemnon’s foot.’

‘Poor thing!’ said Gerty.

‘You would have said so, if you had seen the poor beast; he was so wretched about it—he actually shed tears, which was a disgrace to Agamemnon, and I told him so.’

‘That is why he does not come with us to-night, I suppose?’

‘Precisely. I recommended him, as the doctors recommend Lady Clere, to “keep quiet for a day or

two." He quite understood it. As for myself, I felt like Androcles and the Lion, rather.'

'He is a fine creature,' said Gerty.

'Very; Sir Oswald gave him to me.'

There was a pause. Gerty thought of Angerona and the daily service, together. Then she thought, 'Perhaps he will begin to argue about it.' The pause continued longer and longer. She got quite nervous, and at last said abruptly—

'Papa came to say that the church will be opened for daily service next week.'

'Indeed!' said Colonel Clere. There was another pause. He did not seem to think he had the remotest concern with that.

Gerty made a second effort, and said—

'The morning service will be at eight always, and the evening at six, I think. Eleanor says she shall like going in the evening. I hope we shall often meet there.'

'Did you mean me, by *we*?' asked Colonel Clere.

'Yes,' replied Gerty, boldly.

There was another pause. Colonel Clere was not thinking of Angerona then. They reached the garden-gate in silence, and Gerty said, 'Thank you very much for being so kind. Good-night.'

'Good-night,' said Colonel Clere, shaking hands ; and then he walked back again down the lane, and through the lodge gate, and up the Manor sweep, and was astonished to find himself at the hall door. 'Why, what have I been dreaming about ?' said he to himself ; and he began to recall his thoughts. First, of being on his knees, and it had flashed across his mind as he said it, that it was a pity he was not oftener on them. Then he wondered if that thought had occurred to Gerty too, and made her answer 'Yes' to his question. He could not forget that little monosyllable ; it was the last thing he thought of before going to sleep. He did not know how it was that it haunted him so—but it did—and it was the first thing that occurred to his mind in the morning again.

'Ellie, darling,' said he to Eleanor, as he met her in the hall after breakfast, and kissed her, 'whither are you hieing ?'

'To see Agamemnon's foot,' answered Eleanor. 'Poor doggie ! Is it quite out, do you think, papa ?'

'I think so,' said Colonel Clere ; and again his conversation with Gerty came across him, and the 'Yes' with which it ended. He felt quite cross

with himself for remembering it so often. He walked into the court with Eleanor.

‘How exquisite that bit of Mendelssohn’s was, last night!’ he said. ‘I never knew anything like Gerty’s touch, it is quite ravishing.’

‘She is going to play the organ in the new church,’ said Eleanor, thinking this a good opportunity for being beforehand with her mother about the daily service. ‘I shall go of an evening, if you will come, my best papa! Will you, sometimes?’

‘Yes,’ answered Colonel Clere. Eleanor was surprised; she expected some argument.

‘I said so!’ she exclaimed triumphantly to Martha on returning to the school-room, ‘I knew papa would, if I liked!’

Martha was very glad to hear it, but unwilling to say much, because Eleanor was evidently so gratified at having got her own way in spite of her mother. She hoped it might not be all self-will in Eleanor. The latter was in an excellent humour at what she thought her own achievement. ‘It was that speech about the organ,’ she thought, ‘that accomplished it.’ She said graciously to Martha, ‘Shall you like to go?’

‘Very much,’ answered Martha. ‘I have been

used to go to daily service, and felt disappointed when I heard there was none here.'

'Ah, there was, some years ago,' said Eleanor, 'till the church was pulled down, to be rebuilt. It was such a hideous old thing, you can't imagine.'

'Did you go before?' Martha asked.

'No; we were not living here then,' answered Eleanor. 'We were in Germany a long while, at the baths, for mamma's health. Oh, how I hated that stupid, ugly Germany!'

'Some parts are not by any means ugly,' said Martha, 'if you travelled much about.'

'No, we did not,' Eleanor answered. 'Have you been in Germany?'

'Yes.'

'You have travelled a great deal?'

'At one time I did,' Martha replied,

'Why doesn't she talk more openly?' thought Eleanor. 'She always speaks in that general way —never particularizes. It is because there is something to conceal, of course.' To say the truth, her curiosity was strongly excited about Martha. The more she saw of her, the more she was convinced, even against her will, that Martha was a lady in every sense of the word. She could find nothing to

take hold of except this reserve, which annoyed her: She forgot that her own distant and often supercilious manner was a likely cause for it. What most weighed with her, however, in judging Martha, was the suspicion which Adèle had managed to convey through Florence about her feigned name. She even condescended to ask Florence one day if she knew what Martha's real name was.'

'Did Adèle happen to mention it?' she inquired.

'No, Miss,' replied Florence, 'not in my hearing.'

'Do you think she knows?'

'I can't say, Miss. Shall I ask her?'

'Not from me, if you do,' said Eleanor proudly.

'I don't wish Adèle to suppose I want her gossip. But if you should hear it, by any chance, I should like to know.'

'Very well, Miss;' and Florence took the first opportunity of telling Adèle that Miss Eleanor was 'exceedingly anxious' to hear particulars about her governess,—'in especial,' what her real name was, adding, 'On no account though, Mademoiselle Adèle, must you let her know that I told you this. She pretends to be too grand to listen to gossip, as she calls it; but for all that, she likes to know things—only through me, though.'

'I will not mention it,' replied Adèle, delighted. It was just what she had been aiming at, taking it for granted that Eleanor would communicate her suspicions about Martha to Lady Clere. She was mistaken, however, in this, as Eleanor had resolved to confide them to none but Gerty at present.

Monday evening came, and Mr. Leyton, as he walked up the aisle, saw only the governess kneeling in the Manor seat. His disappointment changed to pleasure when Colonel Clere and Eleanor came hurrying in, just as the service began.

Martha had been in some little difficulty as to how she should avoid being in the way in walking to and from church. She thought it over, and said to Eleanor in the morning, 'I am such a poor walker, I think I had better set out first, when your papa is going with you of an evening.'

'As you like,' answered Eleanor, who had also been meditating on the subject, and thinking she should not always want Martha for a third in her walks with her father. The going back Martha did not so well know how to manage. She was spared the difficulty this evening, for Mr. Leyton joined Colonel Clere in the churchyard, and asked him to come into the Rectory for a few minutes to

look at his plans for the new schools ; adding to Eleanor—

‘Agnes is up to-day, and would like to see you, if you will come in.’

Colonel Clere went into the study with the Rector, and Gerty took Eleanor up-stairs.

‘Cannot you stay to tea ?’ she asked. ‘Do, Ellie dear !’

‘I should like it of all things,’ said Eleanor hesitatingly.

‘Where is Miss Smyth ?’ asked Gerty.

‘Gone back to the Manor, I suppose,’ Eleanor answered.

‘Yes, there she is,’ said Gerty, going to the window, which looked out upon the lane. ‘How slowly she walks ! She looks very delicate, doesn’t she ?’

‘I don’t think she has much ailment,’ replied Eleanor ; ‘she never complains.’

‘That is not always a proof, is it ?’ asked Gerty. ‘Come, take off your bonnet.’

‘There has been a fuss lately,’ said Eleanor, ‘about my walking alone. Such nonsense ! Miss Smyth will give me a lecture if I stay. Papa is going back to his dinner, you know.’

‘Oh, Nin will walk back with you, or I will, or

papa—some one. Don't think of that,' said Gerty. Of course, she knew no more than what Eleanor told her. So Eleanor stayed, and went with Gerty into the little sitting-room, where Agnes lay on a sofa, looking very thin and white. Eleanor knelt down by it and kissed her. 'You dear thing,' she said, caressingly, 'are you better?'

'A little,' answered Agnes, smiling.

'Yes; you always tell us that,' said Eleanor. 'Why, all these littles ought to make a very big by this time!'

Agnes laughed so much at this that it brought on a fit of coughing, which made Mrs. Leyton come in. She shook her head at Eleanor, saying—

'That is what you always do, you bad child!'

'Ellie is going to stay, mamma, please,' said Gerty.

'Then I suppose you must have your little private tea party in here, as of old,' answered her mother.

'Yes, please, mother dear,' said Agnes.

'On one condition,' replied Mrs. Leyton, 'that I hear no more coughing fits.'

'Oh, mother dear!' replied Agnes, 'you must allow me one or two, please.'

Mrs. Leyton kissed her fondly.

'Try not, my darling,' she answered; 'I do so dread the hemorrhage.'

Eleanor had no idea of any such alarming result, and took the hint. Nin brought in tea presently, and Mrs. Leyton left the three children, as she called them, to themselves. This was just what Eleanor enjoyed, and they had a long chat together.

'Rocklee is the loveliest place that you can imagine,' said Gerty—'a sort of undulating wood, almost down to the sea-shore, groups of large dark pines, and the houses dotted in and out among them.'

'So quiet, too,' said Agnes. 'One hardly hears a sound besides the waves.'

'Colonel Clere was quite amused, the week he ran down there to see papa,' said Gerty, 'at the exceeding quiet of the place. He told us one morning, as a most remarkable occurrence, that he had actually seen a cart pass by! He used to make us laugh so!'

'He enjoyed his visit there, very much,' said Eleanor.

'And the dear little church!' said Gerty; 'it was so nice—daily service, and weekly communion—so still and calm, the whole place and all belonging to

it. There is some enchantment there, I think. We often wished for you, Ellie!'

'Did you get out much while you were there?' asked Eleanor.

'Before I was so ill,' Agnes answered, 'I had a sort of couch-carriage, and used to lie on it on the sands close to the water for hours.'

'Those charming cliffs!' said Gerty; 'I used often to think, when we were sitting under them, of the Shadow of the Great Rock in a weary land.'

'Sickness *is* a weary land!' said Agnes.

'It must be, indeed,' replied Eleanor.

'Yes, and how doubly sweet and welcome it makes the Shadow!' said Gerty. 'Ellie, do you know a little book called *Hymns for the Sick*?'

'No,' answered Eleanor; 'I do not.'

'Oh, you must have it, then,' said Agnes. 'It is such a favourite of mine—one of my dear books;' and she took it out of her work-basket.

'The very reason why I should not take it!' said Eleanor.

'You must, indeed. I should so like you to have it, and keep it as a remembrance of me. If you are ever ill, you will know how much to like it. You

shall have it!' said Agnes, as she put it into Eleanor's hand, and kissed her.

'Thank you, darling,' said Eleanor, with something like a watery mist before her eyes, 'I shall think of you, if I am ever ill.'

'One can read hymns when one can read nothing else,' said Gerty. 'There is something so soothing in them—a sort of music to the ear and heart, both.'

Eleanor hardly understood this, but she always liked what Gerty and Agnes said. She thought they were the best moments of her life which she spent with them. They softened her; she did not know in what the charm lay, but there was a charm. She felt cold, and dull, and worldly again, when she got outside the Rectory door. At nine o'clock Nin came in to say that Miss Smyth had come for Eleanor.

'How kind of her!' exclaimed Gerty. 'She need not have had that trouble, though; Mary could have walked back with you.' She ran down, and brought Martha up, saying cordially to her, 'You must come and make acquaintance with Agnes;' and while Eleanor was putting on her bonnet, she brought in a little tray, with wine and cake on it.

‘This cake is my own handy-work,’ she said, ‘and everybody must eat a bit.’ She poured out a glass of wine for Martha, and insisted on her taking it. ‘To strengthen you for the walk back,’ she said.

‘Not a very long one!’ answered Martha, smiling. She was touched by Gerty’s kind sweet manner towards her. Gerty wondered at Eleanor not saying a word of thanks to Martha for coming for her. She felt great compassion for the little deformed governess.

‘Oh,’ she exclaimed to Agnes, when Martha and Eleanor were gone, ‘how much you and I have to be thankful for, dear! What a trial *that* must be!’



CHAPTER X.

ADELAIDE'S NEW FRIEND.

PARKSTONE, the residence of Lady Laura Douglas, was about seven miles from Clereton. She had lately purchased it, as the approaching majority of her nephew, with whom she had hitherto lived, made it desirable for her to have a home of her own. It was a lovely place, standing low in the valley, with its terraced gardens and park rising in front, in a gentle ascent. The latter was richly wooded, and an avenue of a mile in length of fine old oaks led to the house, which was a castellated, imposing-looking mansion, with Gothic doorways and casements.

Adelaide Wilton felt quite nervous as she came within sight of the grand-looking old place, alone in the carriage, which Lady Laura had sent for her.

She heartily wished herself back again at Lyndale with Mammie Chatte, as she thought of the alarming state with which she should be ushered by two footmen through the hall, and into the saloon, to say nothing of her dreaded hostess, who was so much older than herself, and a woman of the world.

‘I should be thankful to be at home again!’ she thought, as the carriage stopped before the great entrance, and not only two footmen, but a butler besides, appeared at the door, and attended her to the saloon. Here another trial awaited her, namely, that of seeing no less than five or six Adelaides depicted in as many mirrors around her. She thought it was the most unfortunate thing that she had ever met Lady Laura at all, as she sat there waiting in the midst of the grandeur, to which she was unaccustomed. Presently Lady Laura came in, and welcomed her so pleasantly, that half Adelaide’s fears vanished.

‘That is a good child!’ she said, kissing her. ‘Now shall you be very much alarmed to hear that I have guests staying in the house? As many as half a dozen?’

Adelaide laughed a little, and answered, ‘Rather!’

but she did not know which was worst, that, or a *tête-a-tête* with Lady Laura.

‘You shall come and take off your bonnet,’ said Lady Laura, leading the way; and Adelaide followed her to a pleasant room, with a large bay-window, looking on the garden.

‘This is your room,’ she said, ‘remember, whenever you like to come and see me.’

‘You are very kind,’ replied Adelaide, timidly.
‘What a pretty room it is!’

‘I will leave you,’ said Lady Laura, ‘to arrange your goods and chattels. If you ring your bell, Esther will show you the way to the library. She is to do anything for you that you want.’

‘Thank you,’ answered Adelaide; ‘I generally wait upon myself.’

‘A very good habit, my dear,’ Lady Laura replied, ‘and what I like to see. But she is quite at your service—yours and Marion’s. I want you to know Marion Wethermere, my niece. She is to be your companion in misfortune in London next spring,’ she added, archly.

‘I shall like to know her,’ answered Adelaide, very much relieved to think that there was one young person besides herself in the house. Lady

Laura went away, and Adelaide began to unpack and put her things in the great wardrobe, which nearly filled one side of the room.

'This is meant for much finer people than I,' she thought, as she laid her clothes on the spacious shelves. 'Oh how I do hate grandeur!'

She spun out her occupation as long as she possibly could, being absolutely afraid to go down to the library and encounter strangers. When she had done all there was to do, which was not much, she smoothed her hair and arranged her dress, and then walked to the window and looked out, putting off the evil moment by every means she could devise. 'It really is too silly of me,' she thought, at last, when she could no longer delay; so she rung for Esther and asked the way to the library, where Lady Laura was sitting with her guests.

'A young friend of mine,' said Lady Laura, taking Adelaide's hand, and introducing her first to Lady Traherne, a very little old person, with grey hair and spectacles, who sat in an arm-chair by the fire; then to her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Whitmore; then to Miss Lucilla Grafton; and lastly to Marion Wethermere, a tall, dark, elegant girl of nineteen. Lady Laura seated Adelaide on the

sofa beside her, opposite to the spectacles, which Adelaide saw were directed full at her, taking a critical survey. She blushed excessively, and took out some tatting to employ her fingers. Lady Laura saw how awkward she felt, and glanced at Marion, who came and seated herself on a low chair by Adelaide, saying—

‘My aunt means us to be great friends, so I think we had better begin forthwith. How shall we set about it?’

‘I don’t know,’ answered Adelaide, smiling. ‘What is the proper way?’

‘Oh, I think the shortest way would be for us to take a turn in the garden together, and vow eternal friendship in an arbour of honeysuckles there is at the end of one of the walks. Suppose we do! You have never been in the garden, have you?’

‘No,’ replied Adelaide, very glad of the proposal.

‘Let me show it you, then,’ said Marion, going towards one of the long French windows, which opened on the terrace. ‘Perhaps Miss Grafton would like to be a witness of the scene in the arbour?’

‘Thank you,’ said Miss Lucilla, who was writing

at a table, 'I am too deeply engaged just at this moment to accompany you even for such a purpose.'

'Come,' said Marion, 'let us see what we can do without a witness, then!'

Adelaide was only too delighted to get out of the library, and out of reach of the scrutinizing eyes; and she and Marion wandered through the gardens together. Marion was as easy and chatty as if she had known Adelaide all her life. 'I wish I could throw off myself, and be as easy,' Adelaide thought.

'Do you know,' said Marion, 'that Miss Grafton is the most wonderful person, so clever, an authoress! She is always writing—scribbling is her element. I am very glad she did not come with us, but I was obliged to ask her for manners' sake. We should see our conversation in her next book, if she had. You will see yourself there, no doubt. I have already been published!'

'How dreadful!' said Adelaide. 'It will make me afraid to open my lips.'

'Whether you open them or not, it will be all the same,' said Marion. 'She brings everybody into her books—novels. She writes them by dozens.'

'I never read a novel,' said Adelaide.

‘You astonish me!’ replied Marion. ‘A young lady of eighteen who never read a novel! I did not think such a phenomenon existed.’

‘Papa does not like them,’ answered Adelaide; ‘and Mammie Chatte, though she differs from him about it, I believe, has never allowed it, of course.’

‘I suppose you may read them,’ said Marion, ‘now that you are out of the school-room?’

‘I should not like to do it without papa’s leave,’ said Adelaide.

‘How odd!’ thought Marion. She replied, ‘Don’t let Miss Lucilla hear that, or you will certainly not escape her satire. Do you like satirical people?’

‘Not much. It is generally a great temptation to be uncharitable.’

‘The amusing thing is,’ said Marion, ‘that she, whom nothing escapes, and who satirizes without mercy, is herself the greatest oddity, and is not the least aware of her own singularities.’

‘That is natural enough,’ replied Adelaide. ‘Do you think people usually see their own weaknesses?’

‘I suppose not,’ answered Marion, laughing. ‘Are you aware that you are uncommonly shy?’

'I think I am,' said Adelaide. 'One could hardly help knowing that, for it causes such discomfort.'

'I saw you quailing beneath that keen pair of eyes! That old Lady Traherne is worse almost than Miss Lucilla. Such a sharp, funny, little old woman! Very good, I believe; gives half her fortune to build churches. She gave a thousand pounds to Clereton Church, my aunt told me.'

'It is very good of her,' said Adelaide.

'Very, if people have nothing else to do with their money,' replied Marion, carelessly.

Adelaide made no reply, and Marion, with the tact natural to her, saw that her last speech had not been liked, and began upon some other subject. Her conversation was very lively, and amused Adelaide; but there was a tone in it which was new to her, and which she did not understand. She set it down to Marion having been more in society than herself, and remembered Mammie Chatte's warning about her own narrow-mindedness.

'Shall we go into the hothouse,' said Marion, 'and make Miles give us some grapes? He is the most crabbed little old man you can imagine; it is the greatest fun to tease him. He thinks it a crime, or something bordering thereon, for any-

thing in the houses to be touched by any one but himself. Lady Laura herself hardly dares. Miles!' she said, going into a hothouse, where a little thin man, with a screwed-up face, was pottering about, 'will you be so kind as to cut me down that bunch of grapes?' pointing to the finest in the house.

'Miss!' exclaimed Miles.

'Yes; that one, if you please,' said Marion. 'Or I will. Pray don't fetch the steps, I can reach it. Where are the scissors?'

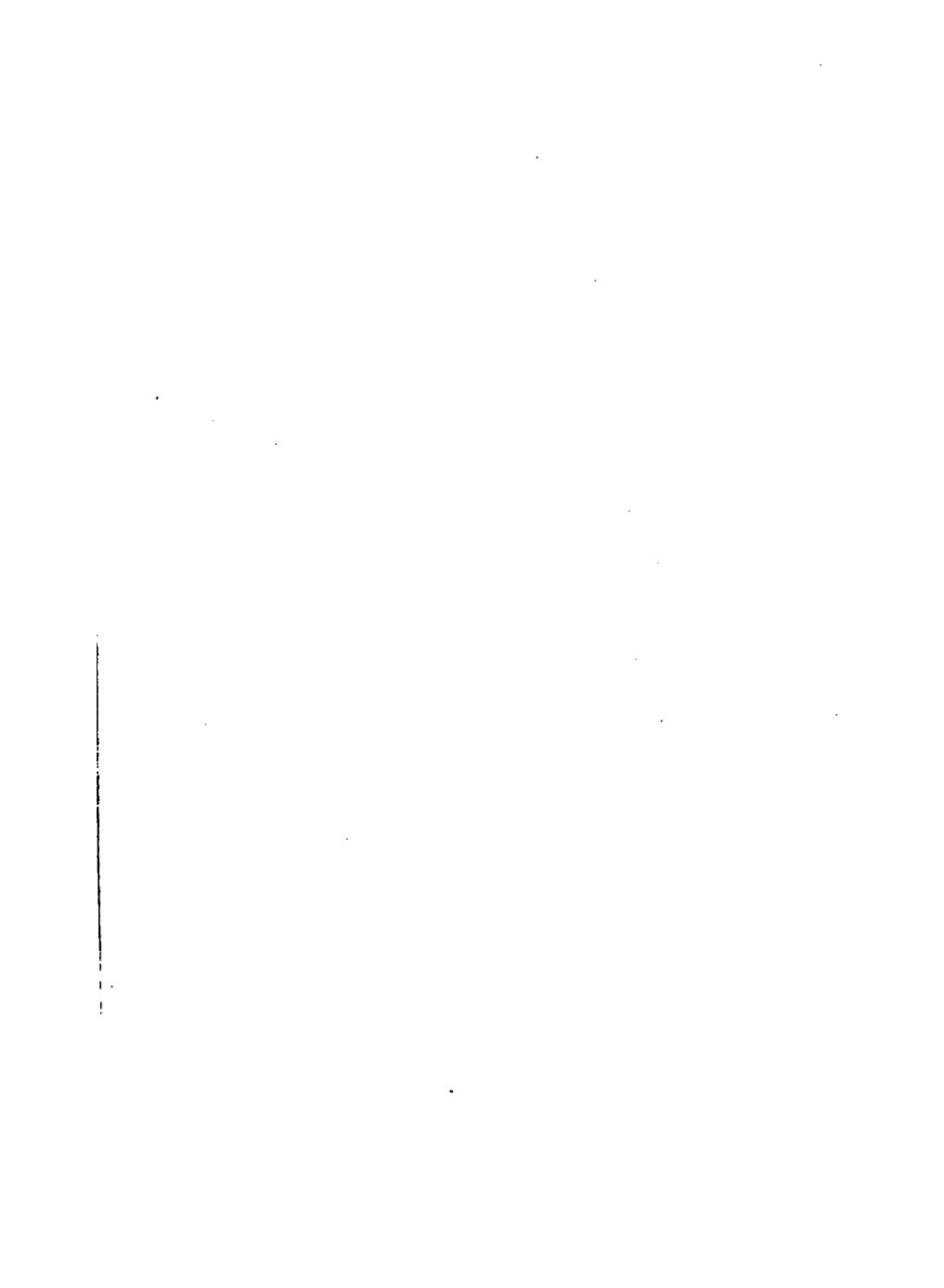
'Miss Marion!' exclaimed Miles, 'you don't mean it?'

'Yes; I do indeed,' answered Marion, laughing, taking the scissors, with which he was trimming the vine, out of his hand; and before he could expostulate further, she had cut down the grapes and was thanking him for them. Adelaide was greatly amused at the old man's indignation and Marion's politeness. 'Poor Miles,' said Marion, as she bore off the grapes, 'he will not get over that for a week. It is the oddest idea of his that the things are his own! Shall we sit down under that tulip tree and discuss them?'

'Have you been out much?' said Marion, as they sat down.



Marion and Adelaide in the Vinery.—*Page 144.*



‘No ; hardly anywhere, except to the Manor once or twice.’

‘Ah, yes ! Do you like Eleanor Clere ?’

‘I admire her,’ said Adelaide. ‘I don’t know her very well ; do you ?’

‘No ; very little. What do you admire in her ?’

‘Her liveliness and talent. And she is handsome ; don’t you think so ?’

‘It is not the style of beauty I admire,’ said Marion. ‘Is she clever ?’

‘Very, I believe.’

‘When is she coming out ?’

‘Next year, I think,’ said Adelaide. A smile of satisfaction passed over Marion’s face, which Adelaide did not see. ‘My aunt has taken an immense fancy to you,’ she said.

‘I do not know why she should,’ answered Adelaide simply. ‘She is very kind.’

‘You and I are to be in London together,’ said Marion. ‘How shall you like a London season ?’

‘I don’t know ; I feel so shy among strangers.’

‘Oh, you will soon get over that. Do you know my cousin, Sir Oswald ?’

‘A little. More from his letters than personally, though.’

‘Does he write to you?’ asked Marion, quickly.

Adelaide laughed. ‘Not exactly!’

‘What do you mean, then?’ asked Marion.

‘I have seen some of his letters to Lady Laura. They are very amusing, are they not?’

‘I have only seen one,’ answered Marion, shortly.

‘Does she always read them to you?’

‘I have only seen three or four,’ Adelaide answered.

‘Lady Laura gave them to Mammie Chatte, and said my sisters and I might read them.’

‘Oh,’ was all Marion’s reply. There was a pause.

‘What a pretty fountain that is!’ said Adelaide.

‘Very,’ replied Marion, ‘and those Naiads: that reminds me, we are going to have some acting one of these days. Can you act?’

‘I never tried,’ answered Adelaide; ‘I don’t think I could.’

‘Miss Lucilla will make an excellent actress,’ said Marion. ‘So will Colonel Whitmore. Mr. Dunserville is as shy as you are; I do not know whether I shall be able to prevail upon him. I begged my aunt to let us get up something of the sort to enliven the household. You must take a part.’

'I would much rather be a looker on,' said Adelaide. 'It is not at all in my way—quite foreign to my nature!'

'You will have to acquire the art,' answered Marion, laughing.

'That is what I do not like,' said Adelaide. 'I never can.'

'You will find it necessary.'

'I could never think it right.'

'Right or wrong,' said Marion, 'you will have to do it. One soon gets used to it.'

'You really must not expect me to take part in any acting,' said Adelaide. 'I am sure I cannot. I should only spoil it.'

'You would not mind a *tableau vivant*, would you, then? There is no speaking, or even moving, in that; nothing to do but to stand still and look interesting.'

'I should colour all over,' said Adelaide, laughing. 'That would be very improper in a *tableau*.'

'You must practise hardening your face,' answered Marion. 'Settled, then. We will have some *tableaux vivants* next week, and you and I will arrange them. Esther will help with the dresses.'

Adelaide thought she should rather like this—it

would be something to do. 'Have you enough people?' she asked.

'I think so,' said Marion. 'Let me see. You and I, Colonel Whitmore, Mrs. Whitmore. No; I don't think we'll admit her, or Miss Lucilla. Won't she be scandalized at our incongruities? No; they and the spectacles shall look on.'

'Eleanor Clere would make a good actress, I should think,' observed Adelaide.

'Yes,' replied Marion indifferently. 'Oh, we shall manage. Shall we come in? It is going to rain, I think. Ah, I see you have an inveterate fear of that library. It *is* very stupid in there. Come up to my room, and I will show you my ball-dresses.'

Adelaide did not care for looking at finery, but, recollecting certain counsels of Mammie Chatte's about trying to enter into what pleased others when there was no harm in it, she assented. Marion's display made her feel a little ashamed of her own plain wardrobe; but she condemned this in herself immediately afterwards as a weakness. 'What thou art, that thou art!' she said to herself, 'whether in a jewelled velvet or a patched cotton. What emptiness dress is, after all!'

'And these are my trinkets,' said Marion, opening

the drawer of a handsome dressing-case. 'My aunt gave me this carcanet on my last birthday. Don't you like carbuncles? I think they are the prettiest of stones. And Oswald insisted on giving me this brooch to match.'

'They are lovely,' said Adelaide, who had no trinkets. 'That brooch is very handsome.'

'Like the donor!' said Marion, with a smile. 'There is the dressing-bell. Now, you will have to encounter not only the spectacles, but ever so many pairs of eyes—all the gentlemen!'

'Pray, let me sit by you,' said Adelaide.

'Oh, I can't promise that, indeed! You must get out of your shyness.'

'Let me come down with you, at least,' said Adelaide.

'Certainly, if you like,' Marion answered. 'I will come to your room when I am dressed.'

Adelaide went to her room, wishing she could go to bed instead of to dinner. She took out first one dress and then another, not knowing which she ought to put on, and was still in the middle of her toilette, when Marion came in, looking very elegant in her rose-coloured silk, with a camellia in her hair.

'Not ready!' she exclaimed. 'By the way, how

thoughtless I have been to keep Esther all this time! Come, I will be your maid. What are you going to put on?’

‘White, I think.’

‘Yes; white will suit you very well,’ replied Marion. ‘Have you no flowers?’

‘No,’ said Adelaide.

‘Are they forbidden, like the novels?’ asked Marion, laughing.

‘Oh no,’ answered Adelaide, ‘not at all, only I never have worn any but real ones.’

‘You shall have some of mine,’ said Marion. ‘You must have some. Every one else will.’ She ran to her room, and brought back a wreath of little blush roses. ‘These are just suitable for you,’ she said, laughing, as she fastened it round Adelaide’s hair. ‘You shall keep them. I have plenty of flowers. A friend sends them me from Paris constantly.’

Adelaide thanked Marion, and thought her very good-natured; and she blamed herself for some thoughts she had had of her once or twice in the course of their talk that afternoon.

The dinner was not quite so formidable as Adelaide expected. Colonel Whitmore, her right hand

neighbour, was very lively and agreeable, and rescued her from the dreaded misery of having to make conversation. He had been in India at the same time with her father; and as that country—and all connected with it—was Mr. Wilton's special hobby, Adelaide was fortunately well up in the subject. Colonel Whitmore afterwards privately communicated to his wife his opinion that Adelaide Wilton was a sensible sort of girl. Miss Lucilla's observation of her tended to the same conclusion, especially as contrasted with Marion's flightiness on the opposite side of the table. She was tormenting poor, blushing Mr. Dunsterville with mischievous malice, teasing him to join in the *tableaux vivants*, and drawing every one's attention to his distressing shyness. The sight of his awkwardness rather helped Adelaide to shake off her own.

After dinner, she found herself seated on a sofa by Lady Laura, with whom she had a pleasant chat; giving her an account of her late visit to Clereton Manor, and interesting her much about the poor little governess.

Lady Laura commended her, when at night she accompanied her to her room. 'You did very well,

ma petite,' she said, caressingly, 'you only want a little courage. You will soon feel at home here I hope,' kissing her.

'You are very kind,' answered Adelaide, timidly. And then Marion came in, and stayed talking over everybody—quizzing some, and telling stories of others—till the clock struck twelve, when it suddenly occurred to her that it was late, and that Adelaide must be tired.

When she was gone, Adelaide sat down in the low easy-chair by the fire, and thought. She wondered what Mammie Chatte would think of Marion, and wanted her to talk to, and to ask her how it was that such kind, pleasant people could speak lightly, and say uncharitable things.



CHAPTER XI.

INVITATION TO PARKSTONE.

‘**E**LEANOR, love, here is a note from Lady Laura Douglas, with one inside for you from Miss Wethermere,’ said Lady Clere, holding out an envelope to Eleanor, as the latter came into the morning-room. ‘I do not like those interruptions to your studies; there were those Wiltons last week; but it seems they are going to get up some *tableaux vivants* quite privately, and they cannot get on without you.’

Eleanor’s face brightened. ‘How delightful!’ she exclaimed. ‘Are you going, mamma? Of course you are, though.’

‘My dear child! how can you think of such a thing?’ answered Lady Clere, irritably. ‘You know I am not well enough—suffering from headache and

languor as I have been for the last month, and that miserable neuralgia. It is out of the question. No, I am very sorry; but as Lady Laura has asked you, you must go. I should not like you to refuse *her* first invitation. Miss Smyth must go with you. I wish she were a little more presentable—it is really very annoying.'

'Odious!' exclaimed Eleanor, divided between exultation at an invitation to Parkstone, and annoyance at its being shared by Martha. 'But, mamma, how will Lady Laura like it?'

'She very kindly suggested it, knowing that I was not well,' said Lady Clere. 'She says the old school-room will be at Miss Smyth's disposal; so she will sit there chiefly, I daresay. As long as she is in the house with you, I do not mind; but you could not go there to stay alone.'

'No, I suppose not,' sighed Eleanor. 'But she need not be in the way at all.'

'You had better give Florence directions about your things,' said Lady Clere. 'She must go with you. They want you at once, Lady Laura says.'

'Yes,' interrupted Eleanor, reading from Marion's note, "'To-day, if you can. We cannot decide till you come.'" That proud girl! I cannot say I care

much about cultivating her friendship ; she does give herself such airs !'

'Adelaide Wilton is there,' said Lady Clere.

'Yes, I know,' answered Eleanor, contemptuously.

'But still I should not like to miss going there.'

'Of course not,' said her mother.

Eleanor smiled, and rang for Florence, giving her orders in a somewhat imperious tone, and desiring her to have everything ready after luncheon ; then proceeding to the school-room, where Martha had been expecting her for some time, without any thought of an apology for keeping her waiting, she said ungraciously, 'Miss Smyth, mamma has accepted an invitation to Parkstone for me for a few days, and she says you are to go with me. Will you see about your things ? We start after luncheon.'

'Very well,' said Martha quietly. She could not help feeling hurt at Eleanor's manner ; it was so evident that her company was barely endured. She went up-stairs to her little room, and, with tears in her eyes, took out of her drawers the best of her wardrobe, consisting of a black silk gown, rather the worse for wear, the remains of her mourning for her mother, and a few little additions, by which it

was to be converted into an evening dress ; with other necessaries.

There was a gentle tap at the door, which Martha knew. ‘Come in,’ she said.

‘May I put up your things for you, Miss ?’ asked Annie.

‘Thank you,’ said Martha ; ‘if you will. It is only to put them in here,’ she added, opening a shabby old carpet-bag. ‘My box is too large, you see.’

‘But, Miss, your silk dress !’ expostulated Annie. ‘Miss Eleanor has several boxes ; she could lend you one.’

‘Oh, no, thank you ; if we roll it up carefully it will not hurt.’

‘Oh, Miss, do let me get a box for you,’ said Annie, darting off, to Martha’s dismay, in spite of her ‘Pray, don’t, Annie ; I shouldn’t think of using it.’ She had put her things into the carpet-bag before Annie returned, carrying a little neat black box in her hand.

‘There are plenty in the closet, Miss, and nobody will know,’ she began, as she placed it on the floor.

‘Indeed !’ exclaimed a scornful voice behind her. Annie started round and faced Adèle. ‘Well !’ she answered, undauntedly.

‘Very vell, I call it!’ returned Adèle, in a tone of high derision. ‘Very vell to help yourself in dat way. Take back dat box dis moment, directly! Liberties, indeed! Miladi shall know!’ with a glance of defiance at Martha, who stood by the bed with burning cheeks, which Adèle mistook for a sign of confusion.

‘Take it back, Annie,’ said Martha quietly. ‘You know I did not wish you to get it. Adèle, be so good as to leave my room; and another time when you have occasion to come in, I will thank you to knock at the door.’

‘I knock at your door!’ exclaimed Adèle, with a little laugh. ‘I like to see myself!’ Then turning majestically on her heel, she followed Annie down-stairs. The latter came back no more to Martha’s room; but at the servants’ dinner she appeared with two great red rings round her eyes, which drew down very unwelcome notice upon her.

During the drive, Eleanor scarcely spoke. She leant back in the carriage, wrapt up in her own imaginings of the coming visit, with an undefined sense of being irritated with everybody—Adelaide and Martha in particular. As they drove in at the lodge-gate, Martha said suddenly—

‘What is Lady Laura’s name, my dear?’

‘Douglas—didn’t you know?’

A bright colour came into Martha’s face. ‘Douglas! I wonder—’ She broke off, and looked as if she wished she had not spoken.

‘Well! What?’ asked Eleanor.

‘Nothing to interest you, my dear,’ was the answer, given somewhat confusedly.

Eleanor did feel interested and rather curious, but did not choose to show it. She would have given a great deal to have divined the real cause of that sudden change in Martha’s countenance. ‘Nothing but mysteries!’ she thought; yet what could there have been in hearing Lady Laura’s name? ‘Do you know Lady Laura?’ she asked at last.

‘No,’ was the reply; but Martha seemed uneasy and agitated, and her nervousness increased visibly, Eleanor thought, as they drove through the shrubbery, and approached the house.

‘There they are!’ exclaimed Marion, who with Adelaide was standing at a window of the gallery. ‘Now we can begin at once. There must be a curtain put up before that frame-work, though, Esther!’

‘Yes, Miss,’ said the maid, appearing from a doorway in the gallery, which gave a view of a sort of ante-room in a great state of disorder, strewed with garments of every description, old court dresses, scarfs, feathers, and the like.

‘If you are not quite lost in that labyrinth,’ said Marion, ‘go and ask Ellison to see about a curtain for this frame-work. It must be managed so as to fall over it in a moment. Shall we ask them to come up now? Poor little governess! I wonder if she can help us at all! Oh dear, to be like that!’ and Marion performed a little shudder, and ran gaily down-stairs, with her arm in Adelaide’s.

Eleanor and Martha were alone. Marion welcomed the former coldly, the latter with a kind pleasant manner, which at once set her at ease, and presently proposed an adjournment up-stairs.

‘We hope you will be able to help us,’ she said to Martha, as they walked along the gallery together. ‘Here is your room, and Miss Clere’s is the next one.’ Adelaide and Eleanor were gone into it, and were talking together, while Marion remained with Martha, discussing their plans eagerly, and charmed to find in the little governess, to whom she had been attracted from

the moment they had met, a ready and willing coadjutor.

‘I have set my heart on a scene from King Lear, for one,’ she said, ‘and we thought Regan would suit Eleanor excellently. You will help us about the costumes? we are sadly at fault there. How *did* those British lady barbarians apparel themselves? I fancy Regan in a flowing tunic, carmine coloured, cruel wretch! Goneril, in flaming yellow, and sweet Cordelia in a full white robe and blue girdle. Would not these colours speak for themselves?’

Martha smiled. ‘Who is to be King Lear?’

‘Oh—we hoped—’ Marion hesitated. ‘My aunt is particular, and says we must get up the *tableaux vivants* between ourselves. I intended King Lear for Mr. Dunsterville; but—so tiresome—I don’t know what we shall do. If Oswald were only here!’

Lady Laura tapped at the door at this moment. Coming in, she took Martha’s hands in hers and greeted her kindly. One glance at that gentle, wistful face had warmed her heart towards her.

‘Who is she so like?’ asked Lady Laura of Marion, as the latter, with an armful of red and

yellow damask, a scarf round her head, and an ermine-bordered opera-cloak trailing after her, was dancing from her dressing-room.

‘I don’t know,’ said Marion. ‘I have seen some one like her, but cannot recall who.’

‘Nor can I, at this moment,’ said Lady Laura.

‘Aunt,’ said Marion, stopping short and turning round, as well as her burden would allow her, ‘what is to be done about her dining? Greaves wanted to know.’

‘With us, certainly,’ said Lady Laura.

‘Adelaide says she does not appear at Clereton at all in the evening,’ said Marion.

‘She is a lady, my dear,’ said Lady Laura quietly, ‘and my guest; and I wish it.’

‘Yes,’ said Marion, pausing. ‘I like her already, and I think I should like her very much. But she seems very reserved.’

‘A good fault,’ said her aunt, smiling. ‘A little of that reserve would sit well on some other people!’

Marion reddened slightly. ‘Perhaps it would!’ she said, lightly, as she went off with her bundle.

‘Dressing!’ exclaimed Eleanor, as she entered Martha’s room after the first dinner-bell. ‘Are you coming down in the evening?’

‘Lady Laura wished me to dine with her,’ said Martha ; while a shade of pink, which she would willingly have suppressed, rose to her cheeks.

‘You must have misunderstood,’ said Eleanor haughtily. ‘She could not have meant that.’

‘I think she did,’ replied Martha quietly, fastening her net sleeves as she spoke. ‘You had better make haste, Eleanor, or you will not be ready ; your hair takes so long. Is Florence in your room ?’

‘I don’t know ; there is plenty of time. But Miss Smyth—really—I think you had better not go down ; it must be a mistake. Lady Laura could not have intended you to dine with us !’

Martha made no reply, but began to coax on, one by one, the narrow fingers of a new pair of black kid gloves.



CHAPTER XII.

KING LEAR.

ELEANOR was somewhat surprised to see the attention Lady Laura paid to Martha, who happened to be seated at her end of the table, and still more so to see Martha's self-possession, and the ease with which she conversed with her neighbours, as if she had been quite accustomed to the position in which she found herself. Eleanor felt considerably annoyed, as she sat, silent and almost overlooked, between the shy Mr. Dunserville, from whom she could not get a word beyond 'yes' and 'no,' and a deaf old gentleman, who called her 'my dear,' and evidently thought her a child. Martha to shine, where she failed to do so! Martha to usurp the notice due to Miss Clere, the heiress of Clereton Manor! It was too

absurd! Eleanor, for once, felt herself of small importance—a feeling to which she was unaccustomed ; and it mortified her dreadfully. She was out of humour all the evening, and was still further provoked at Adelaide's being so much at home as she plainly was. Adelaide and Marion sang a duet together very sweetly ; and Martha, on being asked, sat down and played, with the most exquisite taste, one of Mendelssohn's Lieder. Other performances succeeded ; and Eleanor, who really played very well, was passed over—not intentionally, but she chose to think so ; and thus an evening, which might have been extremely pleasant, was turned into bitterness for Eleanor, by her own ill-temper and self-sufficiency. No one was aware of it, for she had enough pride to conceal her annoyance from others. But she was really wretched ; and in the solitude of her room at night, when Florence had left her, she gave way to a good fit of crying, and said to herself that all these things had been done on purpose to vex her, and that she wished she had never come to Parkstone.

The next morning, however, dawned more brightly on her. The *tableaux* were in brisk preparation, and she was appealed to first by one, and then by

another, as to the suitableness of this and the style of that. It did not occur to Eleanor, as it did to Marion, that, somehow or other, whatever Martha suggested was finally adopted as being the best. She was taken into their counsels, for Marion quickly perceived that she had a ready wit, and was just the person to help in such matters.

‘If she would *only* be King Lear! But I don’t like to ask her,’ said Marion in confidence to Adelaide.

‘I am sure she would in a moment, if she thought it would help us,’ said Adelaide. ‘She is the most amiable person I ever knew. I was staying in the house for a week, and was never more struck by any one.’

‘You see,’ said Marion, ‘she would be in the first *tableau* enthroned in royal robes, so there would be no difficulty about—about her figure, I mean; and in the second we could manage, somehow. But how to tell her this?’

‘I don’t mind asking her,’ said Adelaide.

‘Oh do, there’s a dear! You will do it best, and we shall get on famously. She has just the patient face for King Lear.’

Adelaide accordingly went to find Martha, and

began to tell her of their difficulty ; but before she came to the asking, Martha said :

‘ Could I be of any use ? But you see I am not exactly a subject for a picture ! ’ she added, smiling.

‘ Pardon me, but you are just the very person we want ; and I am deputed to ask you, if you will be so very kind.’

‘ Certainly I will, if it can be any pleasure to you. You must make the best of me, that is all ! ’

So it was settled ; and Martha was overwhelmed with thanks from Adelaide and Marion, who were to personate Cordelia and Goneril. Eleanor alone remained silent ; she did not seem pleased. Why was Martha to be put forward in this way ? Was not she a governess ?—in fact, a sort of menial ?

‘ I shall let mamma know how she forgets her position when she is out visiting with me,’ thought Eleanor to herself. ‘ Of course, if she had any sense of propriety, she would have refused both the dining down-stairs yesterday and the acting.’

However, Eleanor’s secret discontents could make no difference in the present arrangement ; and the *tableaux* were planned for that evening, as there was to be a dinner-party, and there would therefore be a good many spectators. They were kept a pro-

found secret from all but the actors and Lady Laura. The library was given up to Marion and her colleagues, and was closed for the day.

Otherwise, everything appeared to go on as usual. After dinner, Martha and the three young ladies vanished ; but this was no unusual thing, for in those warm summer evenings they liked to stroll about in the garden in the twilight.

It was not until after coffee was served that the defection was discovered ; and just as it was being discussed, the butler announced pompously, ‘A *tabblo-veevong* in the library, ladies and gentlemen !’

‘Just in time ! I always am lucky !’ cried a voice from behind, which made every one start.

‘Why, Oswald ! what a delightful surprise ! My dear boy, I believed you to be in Stockholm. This is a pleasure !’ exclaimed Lady Laura, her face radiant with joy.

‘It is, indeed, to me,’ said Sir Oswald, as he made his greetings. ‘I was tired of travelling, and rather knocked up, and wanted to come home. And here I am, just in time for a treat, it seems.’

‘But you must want some refreshment,’ began Lady Laura.

‘Oh, nothing, thank you ! I will have some supper

presently. Let me come in and see this sight, with you. Who are the actors?’

‘Miss Clere, Marion, Adelaide Wilton, Miss Smyth, and one or two gentlemen,’ replied Lady Laura.

‘Who is Miss Smyth?’

‘Miss Clere’s governess. Come, shall we go to the library?’

Lady Traherne adjusted her spectacles, and put on a criticising air. Miss Lucilla rose, and prepared with the condescending mien of a connoisseur to see what these young people were capable of doing; and Sir Oswald shrunk behind the rest of the party, and went in with Lady Laura.

The library was darkened: one end, which had a most convenient bay window, with steps up to it, was shrouded by a curtain, behind which were lights, arranged at the sides. The most profound stillness reigned behind the curtain: a little whispering went on in front, while the guests were taking their seats. Sir Oswald sat at the end of the first row, between his aunt and Lady Traherne.

Suddenly the curtains are drawn back, disclosing a scene which, as Miss Lucilla observes, ‘takes one back to that charming age of simplicity, among those *dear* ancient Britons!’

King Lear, seated in the centre of the scene, holding his crown towards his daughters Regan and Goneril; who stand on one side of him, clad in long flowing garments of brilliant hue; on the other side, turning a little away, with a sorrowful face, Cordelia, robed in white; further apart, the husbands of the two undutiful daughters, personated by young Traherne and shy Mr. Dunsterville, who had been dragged in, after all; and near Cordelia, in a pleading attitude, the Duke of Kent, represented by Colonel Whitmore, whom the dignified character of the faithful old noble suited very well.

It was an interesting and beautiful picture. Fixed and still as marble statues the actors remained for full five minutes. Then—and not till then—King Lear, who had been looking extremely pale throughout, suddenly flushed crimson; and Lady Traherne turned to Sir Oswald and remarked aloud, ‘That his majesty must be suffering from palpitation of the heart; and no wonder, if he could foresee what was coming upon him!’ Sir Oswald made no answer; he appeared absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before him; and the acute old dowager confided to her daughter that night, ‘That there was no doubt about it, Sir Oswald was desperately

smitten with Cordelia,' as she thenceforward called Adelaide.

The spectators returned to the drawing-room, to await a second *tableau*. They discussed the first in terms of high commendation, but one and all agreed in condemning King Lear for having changed colour during the exhibition. Some time passed, however, and there was no summons; and the company became impatient. Sir Oswald had left the drawing-room, and Lady Laura was beginning to grow fidgety, when Greaves the butler entered and brought a note of excuse to her. The second *tableau* could not be proceeded with, because King Lear had been seized with a sudden and most distressing faintness. Those who had been foremost in condemning poor King Lear were now foremost in pitying him. Of course the change of colour which had spoilt the *tableau* was now accounted for, and Lady Laura hastened to Martha's room, leaving her guests to their conjectures.

On reaching Martha's apartment, Lady Laura saw her lying, pale as death, on her bed, while Marion and Adelaide fussed over her with salts and eau-de-cologne, and Eleanor stood looking on in cold surprise, mingled with a little contempt.

‘My dear Miss Smyth, I am so sorry! What can have caused this? Are you subject to these attacks?’ asked Lady Laura, tenderly taking Martha’s hand, which was icy cold.

‘It was very stupid of me. I am better now, thank you,’ gasped Martha; but as she spoke she burst into tears, which were evidently beyond her own control.

Lady Laura made a sign to the others to go, which they obeyed. Then she walked to the window, to give Martha time to recover herself. Looking down on the terrace below, in the bright moonlight, she saw Sir Oswald pacing up and down alone, with rapid steps.

‘How pale he has grown!’ she thought, as the moonbeams fell upon his face. ‘I fear he is far from well.’

Then, putting her head out of the open window, she called to him, ‘My dear boy, is that prudent of you, after those warm rooms?’

‘It will not hurt me, my dear aunt!’ he replied, looking up gaily. ‘How is Miss Smyth now?’

‘Better. Just tell some one to bring her up a glass of wine, will you? She is overdone.’

Two minutes after, there was a tap at the door,

which Lady Laura answered herself, in her thoughtfulness for Martha, fancying she might not like a servant to come into the room. Sir Oswald stood there, with a glass of wine on a salver, making a comic bow to his aunt.

‘What a boy it is!’ she said. ‘I did not mean you to take the trouble!’

‘The trouble is a pleasure, ma’am!’ he answered, and stalked off.

‘There, that ought to do you good, for Oswald brought it up with his own hands,’ said Lady Laura. ‘He is such a good-natured fellow; he does not care what trouble he takes for anybody.’

A bright flush came up over Martha’s face as she took the glass from Lady Laura; and the latter seeing it, thought to herself, ‘How extra sensitive she is, poor thing! One really must weigh one’s words.’

‘Thank you; how very kind you are!’ said Martha gratefully. ‘I am better now—much better.’

‘What was it, my dear?’ asked Lady Laura. ‘Was the heat too great?’

‘It was something at my heart,’ said Martha quite truthfully.



'Ah, you are not strong! We must be careful of you. You have been over-fatiguing yourself to-day with these *tableaux*. I cannot allow it. You are my guest, you know. Had you not better be quiet, and not come down again?'

'Thank you,' said Martha, feeling grateful for the proposal. 'I think it would be best.'

'I will send you some coffee; and mind you ask for anything you would like. I shall be quite hurt if you do not.'

'You are very kind,' said Martha. 'I am sorry to have given any trouble.'

'You are not to name such a thing!' exclaimed Lady Laura, laying her hand on Martha's lips. Then she stooped down and kissed her forehead. 'You will excuse me, I know,' she said. 'They will be wondering at my long absence.'

When she was gone, Martha closed her eyes, and lay perfectly motionless, with her hand pressed upon her heart, to still its throbings.

'Oh, how foolish I am!' she thought; 'how foolish! how very foolish!'



CHAPTER XIII.

THE PICNIC.

Tis a lovely morning!' cried Marion as she stood by one of the open windows of the breakfast-room. 'What shall we do to-day?'

'It is just a day to lie under trees by a waterfall, and do nothing but read poetry or dream,' said Eleanor. 'It is going to be very hot.'

'Suppose we do go to the waterfall!' exclaimed Marion. 'We have such a pretty one here,' she added, turning to Adelaide. 'You see that wood on the side of the hill opposite? There is a trout-stream, almost to be called a river, which flows at the top of the hill, and precipitates itself through the middle of the wood in a most picturesque way, over great boulders—the Falls of the Aar on a small scale.'

‘Yes. Let us take our books and ruralize there!’ cried Eleanor, delighted.

‘I think I will take my sketch-book,’ said Adelaide.

‘Could not we have a picnic luncheon by the waterfall?’ asked Sir Oswald. ‘Dunsterville and I are going to fish. Colonel, will you join us?’

‘With pleasure,’ said Colonel Whitmore; ‘as soon as my letters are written. Do not wait for me, though. I shall find my way to you.’

‘By all means, a picnic by the waterfall! I will go and speak to auntie at once. Oswald, you always bring bright ideas with you!’ cried Marion, smiling, as she tripped out of the room.

It was all arranged to her heart’s content, immediately.

‘I will drive to the wood at luncheon-time,’ said Lady Laura, ‘and bring Miss Smyth with me. She is not quite the thing to-day. I have just been to see her. I am afraid the poor thing is very delicate. She ought to have perfect rest, and I shall speak to Lady Clere about her. She is the most interesting person—so thoroughly sweet and good. I have had a long talk with her.’

‘My dear auntie, you are falling in love again!

It is too bad. I shall be jealous!' cried the sprightly Marion, sealing her jealousy with a kiss. 'What is going to become of Miss Lucilla and Mrs. Whitmore?' she continued.

'They can go with me in the pony-carriage, or walk, as they like.'

'All right, my sweet auntie! Then I have to tell Greaves to see that it is arranged?'

'Yes, dear, if you will be so kind.'

Off went Marion, and gave her orders; and in a quarter of an hour she and Eleanor and Adelaide were on their way to the wood. It was a glorious day in June—a day on which everything seemed to be brimming over with happiness. The leafy woods, shimmering and quivering in the sun; the mild, almost breathless, breezes softly wooing them; the delicious notes of the thrush and blackbird among the shady covert; the coolplash of the water as it leapt from rock to rock; the luxuriant green of moss and fern, flecked with patches of sunlight stealing between the leaves; the low, warm hum of insects, rejoicing in their 'little day,'—these, and all the other sweet tokens of a summer's morning, made the girls exclaim, as they threw themselves on the soft mossy bank by the waterfall,

‘This is perfection!’ ‘How lovely!’ ‘Isn’t it exquisite?’

For some time they sat lazily enjoying the sights and sounds around them, and talking, as girls do talk together, of their opinions of things and people, till, at some question of Marion’s about Miss Smyth, Adelaide suddenly remembered her sketching, and wandered a little way off to find a good spot for it, leaving the conversation to Eleanor and Marion.

‘Such affectation!’ Eleanor said, as Adelaide strolled away. ‘I felt quite out of patience with her last night. She does so like to make a sensation! ’

‘Do you think so?’ asked Marion.

‘It was so vexing,’ said Eleanor. ‘Just as Sir Oswald came, not to have the second *tableau*, when it was all planned so nicely! ’

‘I don’t suppose he cared,’ said Marion coldly. ‘He seemed to care much more for Miss Smyth’s indisposition. I met him going up-stairs with a glass of wine for her.’

This was said on purpose. Marion had been quick to perceive how attentions to Miss Smyth galled Eleanor. It had the desired effect.

‘You don’t mean it!’ Eleanor exclaimed, the colour flushing up into her face. ‘Well, really!’

‘Why shouldn’t he?’ asked Marion innocently. ‘He would have done the same for you or me, if we had been ill.’

‘Yes, you or me; but then—a governess! It seems so out of place.’

‘Why, is not she a lady? If not, she fills a lady’s position uncommonly well.’

‘So she may,’ said Eleanor, annoyed. ‘But I have reasons for thinking she is not, all the same.’

‘Oh, do tell me!’ said Marion eagerly.

‘You must promise not to talk of it,’ said Eleanor, drawn into being confidential, in her anxiety that some one should share her prejudice against Martha, which this visit seemed to have revived in full force.

‘Certainly!’ said Marion, who had never yet in her life been able to keep her own counsel.

Thereupon ensued a detailed history of all Martha’s supposed delinquencies, of Eleanor’s suspicions of her, and Adèle’s strange insinuations; to all of which Marion listened without comment, inwardly resolving to ask her aunt what she thought of it. Eleanor became conscious of an uneasy feel-

ing, as she went on without any interruption, and wondered what Marion was thinking of it all. She wound up by saying :

‘Now, do not you call it very strange?’

‘I think,’ said Marion, with unusual wisdom for her, ‘that you dislike her, and that you see everything in your own light. I should never have dreamt of making such a history out of trifles, which, after all, are only put before you by a servant, who may have some reason of her own for disliking Miss Smyth.’

Eleanor was silenced for a moment; then she said :

‘But if there were nothing in the trifles, as you call them, why should she look confused, and colour up, when I purposely made allusions to her having been abroad, and other things which touched her?’

‘My dear,’ said Marion, with a superior air, ‘when you have seen more of the world, you will not put your own narrow-minded constructions on people’s manner and blushes. There might be many reasons why the colour should rise in Miss Smyth’s face at your words. Sensitiveness, shyness, old recollections, painful memories, a dislike to intrusive remarks, and many other things. There, don’t be

offended ! I always speak out when I am appealed to.'

But Eleanor *was* offended ; and she opened the book which had been lying unnoticed upon her lap, and appeared to be absorbed in it. Marion followed her example ; and a profound silence ensued, only interrupted by the arrival of the luncheon, which was laid out by two footmen in due order on the grass, just above where Marion and Eleanor were sitting. A few minutes later, voices were heard, and Lady Laura appeared through the trees below, toiling up the steep ascent, assisted by Colonel Whitmore. Behind her came Mr. Dunsterville, Mrs. Whitmore, and Miss Lucilla, talking and laughing gaily. They all reached the platform by the waterfall, and sank down exhausted, for the hill was very steep.

' What have you done with Oswald ? ' asked Marion.

' He is coming,' said her aunt. ' He is helping Miss Smyth up. This hill is very trying for her. She begged to be left behind, but I would not hear of it.'

' Great nonsense and fuss about nothing ! ' thought Eleanor ; and her face became clouded.

No one noticed her but Marion, for the conversa-

tion became general. A quarter of an hour passed, and Sir Oswald and Martha had not made their appearance.

'They must have taken the wrong turn,' said Marion; 'I will run down and call them.' She ran down the path to the very bottom of the wood, but saw nothing of them. She did not call, however; something in her mind made her refrain from doing so. She turned out of the path by which she had come, into another, which led across the wood, away from the waterfall. It went up for some way, and then down into a hollow. On the top of the ascent she stood and listened: she heard some one speaking, a little way below her, but could see no one. It would have been natural to call now, but Marion again refrained; her curiosity was excited. She went down the path a few steps noiselessly, and there, between the hazel-bushes, she caught a glimpse of the two she sought, sitting on the grass, in earnest conversation. Scarcely thinking of what she was doing, Marion, all in a glow, paused, and caught the words:

'Pray, pray do not show it here; I could not bear it. Only wait, if it must be so!'

'Only wait! A pretty request, when I have

waited and waited till my heart was sick! Now I have found you at last, do you think I am going to wait any longer? You shall not be Miss Clere's governess another day. I shall ride over this afternoon and tell her ladyship so.'

'No, no, if you love me, Arthur; no! *Do* have patience! What will Lady Laura say?'

'What, indeed!' thought Marion, indignant and astonished. 'What *can* it all mean? She calls him *Arthur*, too! Arthur Oswald—yes, of course that is his name. But what am I doing?' And she turned and fled away, crimson to the roots of her hair at the thought of having so demeaned herself as to become an eavesdropper. For Marion, with all her faults, was not a mean girl.

'What shall I do?' she thought, when she stopped where the two paths met. 'I suppose I ought to tell her what I overheard. How awkward! No, I cannot possibly; it would distress her so. As to telling Oswald, I had rather die. How I wish I had not listened! But I must call them, or they will be there for the next hour.'

She lifted her voice, and called 'Oswald!'

An answer rose from the hollow. 'Coming! Coming!'

Then Marion made the best of her way back to the others. With all her nonchalance, she had not presence of mind to meet the pair now.

They came up presently, and all sorts of inquiries were launched at them, Marion alone remaining silent.

‘What *has* happened to you?’

‘Did you lose your way?’

‘You have been three-quarters of an hour coming up!’ remarked Eleanor.

But Sir Oswald quietly said:

‘I made Miss Smyth rest by the way.’

‘You did quite right,’ said Lady Laura. ‘You look very hot and tired, my dear,’ she went on, turning to Martha. ‘I hope the walk has not been too much for you?’

Martha, as red as a peony, tried to smile, and said:

‘It is a great pull. But I shall be all right presently, thank you.’

Then they had their luncheon—a pleasant meal enough, under those shady trees, with the cool rush of the water in their ears. Three of the party were very silent, but the others were merry enough. Mr. Dunsterville and Sir Oswald made themselves

useful in carrying round the viands, for the footmen had been dismissed, as being unsuitable elements in a picnic.

‘Order in all things, Dunsterville!’ cried Sir Oswald, as the two encountered one another, each laden with chicken for Martha. ‘You keep to one side, sir, please, or I’ll “mention” you to Mr. Greaves!’ The result of which speech was, that the waiting went on swimmingly, and that Mr. Dunsterville had the honour of attending to the wants of the three young ladies and the fair authoress.

At any other time Marion would have been very cross at this arrangement; but she was feeling so dreadfully ashamed of herself, that she had no room for any other thought. She was so uncomfortable with her stolen knowledge, and so puzzled and astonished, that she sat and ate as if she were in a dream. Should she tell her aunt? How could she dare? She should lose her good opinion for ever if she did; for Lady Laura was one of those rare women who are the soul of honour, and to whom the mean tricks of obtaining stolen knowledge in any way are detestable.

Marion was quite out of spirits for the remainder of the day. The more she thought it over, the

more she worried herself about it. And besides, was there not a something else deep down in the bottom of her heart?—a long cherished hope, which she had scarcely dared to acknowledge to herself, but which had been all at once rudely crushed, and the crushing had left a keen smart?

As Marion lay awake that night, thinking over the strange interview in the wood, suddenly there flashed into her mind a remembrance of Eleanor's conversation that morning. What if Miss Smyth were an impostor, after all! What if she had entangled Sir Oswald elsewhere, and had now come into his neighbourhood to work out her plot! He was a simple, generous-hearted man, and might be easily taken in. What if she, Marion, were to give her cousin a word of warning, to put him on his guard! He would be very angry, of course, but still it was worth while. Yes, 'worth while,' said the atoms of the poor little crushed hope that lay at the bottom of Marion's heart. She would turn it all over again in her mind to-morrow, and see what was best to be done.



CHAPTER XIV.

A CRISIS.

MARION had a bad headache the next morning, and did not come down to breakfast. Eleanor and Adelaide sauntered out into the garden with their books, and found a charming seat under a weeping ash, in a retired part of the wilderness which led from the garden down towards the river. Here they remained undisturbed for a couple of hours. At the end of that time, Adelaide looked up and said :

‘I am tired of reading, and I have to write to Mammie Chatte: are you coming in?’

Eleanor, deep in her novel, only answered dreamily, ‘Not just yet.’ And Adelaide turned back to the house alone.



Eleanor's Surprise.—*Page 187*

—



Eleanor read on, quite absorbed, for some time longer, till she was suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps. Not wishing to be disturbed, she sat quite still in her leafy bower, until the footsteps had passed. She was not seen, but she saw plainly enough that there were two persons, and that they were Sir Oswald and Martha. They were talking in a low voice, and she did not hear what was said. But the fact, coupled with the strange delay in the wood yesterday, was enough for Eleanor. Her interest in her book was gone; and her annoyance knew no bounds.

'How very forward and improper of her!' she thought. 'I shall certainly let mamma know what advantage she takes in other people's houses. She will never visit with me again, I know! I shall just go and join them, by another walk, and put a stop to this *tête-a-tête*. The idea of *her* monopolizing him! It is too absurd.'

Full of her virtuous indignation, Eleanor set out on her way, book in hand, apparently reading as she went. By a circuitous path, she found her way down to the river-side, and came full upon Sir Oswald and Martha, who had just arrived at the same point. Martha crimsoned—she dreaded Elea-

nor's rudeness ; but Eleanor knew better than to expose herself before Sir Oswald. She only said in the most natural manner, as if they had been walking together all the time :

‘ How pretty this is ! Are you going over the bridge ? ’

‘ Have you walked enough ? ’ he asked, looking at Martha, who was now as white as she had been red before.

‘ Thank you, I will sit down and rest here, if you like to go on with Miss Clere,’ she replied, suiting the action to the word.

‘ I think we had better follow your example, it is so warm,’ said Sir Oswald, seating himself on the grass by Martha. Eleanor did the same, and a rather awkward silence ensued, Eleanor feeling that she had purposely intruded, and the others wishing her at Jericho.

‘ There is to be a croquet match this afternoon,’ said Sir Oswald presently. ‘ Are you going to play, Miss Clere ? ’

‘ Yes,’ answered Eleanor. ‘ Of course you are ? ’

‘ I cannot say that it is “ of course,” ’ replied Sir Oswald, smiling. ‘ Cricket and billiards are all very well ; but croquet is essentially a lady’s game.’

‘You do not mean that?’

‘Yes, I do really. The very act of croqueting is altogether feminine.’

‘The spite of it, you mean? That *is* severe!’ said Martha. ‘Are men never spiteful?’

‘I am not prepared to make sweeping assertions on either side,’ Sir Oswald answered. ‘But you know and feel what I mean,—that there is a special tendency in the female mind to that sort of petty retaliation, which is the very cream of croquet. Now, honestly, is it not so?’

‘I am afraid it is,’ said Martha sadly.

Eleanor did not speak, and another silence fell upon the party, till Sir Oswald exclaimed, looking at his watch:

‘Do you know how late it is? Nearly one!’

‘Is it, indeed? I must go in, then, for I have a letter to write,’ said Martha.

‘And so have *I*!’ said Eleanor pointedly. But the point did not strike the person for whom it was intended. Seeing this, she added:

‘I am going to write to mamma: have you any message, Miss Smyth?’

‘No, thank you, my dear. I am going to write to Lady Clere myself.’

'Indeed!' said Eleanor, discomfited. 'It is quite needless, if I write.'

'Excuse me, I do not think so,' answered Martha with that quiet dignity which always served her with Eleanor.

Sir Oswald smiled. Eleanor caught the smile, and felt enraged. She walked in silence with her companions to the house, flew to her room, seized pen, ink, and paper, and poured forth all her irritations to her mother.

Sir Oswald delayed Martha for a moment in the hall :

'I am going to ask you to wait, now,' he said, speaking low. 'Don't write to Lady Clere to-day.'

'Very well,' she answered. 'You are so good, that it shall be as you like! There will be a certain scene to go through, anyhow.'

'Yes; and that is why I want you to defer it until I can be at hand to help you.'

A sweet, trusting smile was the only answer, and it repaid him.

The next morning brought a summons, sent over by a special messenger from Clereton, for Eleanor and Miss Smyth to return home. The carriage would be sent before luncheon for them.

A courteous note to Lady Laura explained that Lady Clere was very sorry to shorten Eleanor's visit, but that she was herself so much worse than usual, that she could not do any longer without her precious child.

'I am grieved to hear that your mamma is ill again,' said Lady Laura to Eleanor; 'and so sorry to think that you must go home already.'

Eleanor, who was herself very much annoyed at this result of her letter, which she had not foreseen, answered:

'Mamma is very subject to these nervous attacks. They are entirely on the nerves, the doctor says.'

'Perhaps Lady Clere has had some worry or trouble, dear, and she wants you with her, as the Colonel is away,' said Lady Laura. 'We shall miss you, though,' she added kindly. 'It was only this morning that Oswald was wanting to get up some more *tableaux*.'

Eleanor made no reply. She had punished herself, and now she must bear it. Her only thought was, 'It is all Miss Smyth's fault, as usual!'

Martha, on hearing that they were to go back suddenly, had hastened to her room to pack her things. While she was doing so, a servant brought

her a note. She opened and read : 'I hear you are going. Do give me a few moments in the billiard-room. There is no one here.—A.'

In some trepidation, Martha tumbled her things into the box, anyhow, locked it, and ran down to the billiard-room, where Sir Oswald was impatiently awaiting her.

'What is the meaning of this sudden flight, Dora?' he asked, in a vexed tone. 'Have you anything to do with it? If so, I am very angry!'

'Nothing, that I know of,' replied Martha, smiling. 'Lady Clere is very changeable.'

'And you suffer accordingly?' he asked. 'I am going to put an end to this. I shall speak to my aunt when you are gone, and then ride over to the Manor and break the news to Lady Clere. I fancy she will be a little bit startled, eh, Dora?'

Martha's reply was a deep blush, and the words :

'You will have it so; but it is only fair that I should give Lady Clere a quarter's notice, that she may provide Eleanor with a governess.'

'A quarter! I call that good. Do you suppose I am going to let you drudge on for three months? No, thank you. You may give Lady Clere notice as soon as you like; but you are not going to

work yourself to a thread-paper any longer for that troublesome chit. Yes, I know more than you think for! She does not do much towards your happiness, I can see. Her countenance, when she met us together yesterday, spoke volumes.'

'I did not see it,' said Martha.

'My own love, you are much too sweet and good for such people; and I am not going to let you be wasted any longer on them. I told you three years ago, under the solemn shadow of St. Gudule, that I never should change. Now, do you believe me?'

'Don't, don't, please!' pleaded Martha. 'Of course I do! But you know, Arthur, I am not fit to be your wife, or worthy of you. I did not know who you were, or anything—'

'"Where ignorance is bliss," etc. etc.,' quoted Sir Oswald. 'Now you see that I am not a poor student working for my bread, cannot you trust me as well? You used not to be lacking in sense.'

'Have you teased me enough?' asked Martha. 'And may I go?'

'Not till you have promised to be mine whenever I come to claim you!' said Sir Oswald, detaining her.

‘Oh, there are people coming! Do let me go!’

‘Promise, then!’

‘Yes! yes! I promise.’

He caught her in his arms as she passed, rushing to the door. ‘My darling! my own at last!’

The door at the opposite end of the room opened, and in walked Eleanor Clere.

‘The carriage is here,’ she said. Not until she had spoken the words did she realize the scene before her. She turned short round, and hastened to the carriage, which was waiting at the hall door.

Martha followed, after making hasty farewells to Lady Laura and her friends. Not a word was spoken during the three hours’ drive which ensued. When they reached Clereton Manor, they found that Lady Clere had gone to London by the early train on pressing business, taking Adèle with her.



CHAPTER XV.

MARTHA'S ROMANCE.

'**S**o much for mamma's illness!' burst forth Eleanor angrily. It was the first word she had spoken since leaving Parkstone. 'Hush, my dear!' remonstrated Martha gently. 'Don't lecture me!' cried Eleanor. 'You had better think of your own conduct, Miss Smyth. You may be sure mamma shall know!'

Martha answered nothing, which perplexed Eleanor. She dashed up-stairs into her room, and did not appear till luncheon-time; at which meal she was very silent, and what she was pleased to consider dignified.

It was by no means a pleasant day to Eleanor. She sat in the drawing-room all the afternoon, reading, for very restlessness, a new novel which

she found there; and Martha,—poor, rich, sad, happy Martha,—or rather Dora (for Adèle was right here, and her name was Dorothea Stanhope, and not Martha Smyth), sat in the schoolroom, resting, dreaming, wondering how it was that the world had suddenly grown so bright to her, in spite of all its shadows, and thinking, ‘Can it be true? Can it? Is it possible?’

She never knew how that day, which seemed so long to Eleanor, passed; but the next brought back the stern realities of life.

Lady Clere returned from London in the afternoon. Eleanor had gone to the Rectory with Annie, who had to attend a confirmation-class there, and they were to return together; so Martha was alone again.

Lady Clere was much astonished, after she had been reposing about an hour in her boudoir, by a knock at the door, which was followed by Martha’s entrance.

‘ May I speak to you?’ asked Martha.

‘ Certainly!’ said Lady Clere, drawing herself up uncomfortably. She was not prepared for Martha’s thus taking the initiative.

‘ I wished to say that circumstances prevent my

continuing to be—Eleanor's instructress,' she said hesitatingly; while Lady Clere, with dilated and angry eyes, listened, hardly believing her senses. 'Therefore, will you be so good as to provide her with some one who can take my place, as soon as possible ?'

Lady Clere, who had fully intended to have had the pleasure of giving Miss Smyth a furious dismissal for her behaviour at Parkstone, as narrated by Eleanor, was so taken aback by this speech that she could hardly recover herself, and there was a pause. Then she said scornfully:

'Very well managed, Miss Smyth, indeed ! I had not given you credit for such powers of acting. You knew, of course, that I intended to dismiss you, in consequence of your being so utterly ignorant of your position when sent out visiting with my daughter.'

'I was not aware of it,' said Martha quietly.

'Don't tell me ! You must have known that it was coming. I was never more surprised than when I heard of your behaviour at Parkstone. I could not have believed it !'

'May I ask in what I have transgressed ?' asked Martha quietly. 'I really do not know.'

‘Not know! Do you presume to say that you consider it your place, when I send you out with my daughter, to put yourself on an equality with the people she is visiting, and to be taking liberties in their house?’

‘I think you must be misinformed,’ said Martha. ‘I took no place that was not offered me, and I certainly took no liberties in Lady Laura’s house.’

‘It was a great mistake your ever going there,’ said Lady Clere, not noticing Martha’s speech. However, it cannot be helped now, and you understand that *I* give *you* notice to leave Clereton Manor as soon as I am suited.’

The colour rose in Martha’s face; but she was not going to reply to this insulting speech, and she remained silent.

‘You can go,’ said Lady Clere, puzzled and annoyed at her silence; and Martha left the room. It mattered little to her now what treatment she met with. There was a great joy at her heart, which lifted her above all unkindnesses and insults. They would soon be at an end. They were nothing to her, while they lasted. Was she not loved and appreciated by one who was all the world to her?

Sir Oswald, as he had been called by his rela-

tions since he came into the title (the baronets, his predecessors, had been Oswalds for several generations), had met Dorothea and her mother, Lady Stanhope, at Wiesbaden, four years before. They travelled together to several parts of Germany, and into Bohemia, and a great friendship sprang up between them. On returning to Brussels, Lady Stanhope fell ill; and Arthur, as he was then called, was as devoted as a son in his attentions to her. In fact, he earned his right to that title at last, for he asked Dorothea to be his wife; and after some hesitation, caused only by her own diffidence, and her consciousness of her personal defect, she consented. One bright, happy month they spent together—only one. Arthur had to return to Oxford for his last term, and then the engagement was to be made public.

But that last term brought sad and unlooked for changes to both. The whole of Lady Stanhope's fortune, with that of many others, was lost by the failure of an eminent firm, with which she had, on leaving England, trusted it, to be re-invested. The tidings reached her the very day after Arthur's departure. Dorothea made up her mind at once. She must give up her engagement, and find work,

in order to support herself and her invalid mother. Always prompt, without saying a word to Lady Stanhope, whom she feared to distress with her own sorrows, Dorothea wrote to Arthur, told him what had happened, and the decision to which she had come ; adding, that he was to consider himself free, and that he would hear no more from her, for that she and her mother were leaving Brussels immediately.

Her plans were soon made. Lady Stanhope being a great invalid, trusted all to her dear, sensible child, who she knew would act for the best. To Paris Dorothea determined to go. She felt sure that Madame Michel, one of the great milliners of the day—who when a young girl had been much indebted to Lady Stanhope—would give her work, perhaps embroidery, to do, in which Dorothea excelled. A small lodging was taken in a retired quarter of Paris ; and Madame Michel, touched at the reverses which had befallen her benefactress, gave Dorothea as much work as she could do, and paid her as liberally as she could venture to do, without its being suspected by the object of her charity. And Dorothea, who would have much preferred a more intellectual and less mechanical



way of earning her bread, felt it right to persevere in what was at any rate a certain livelihood, which also enabled her to supply her mother with many comforts. An additional reason for keeping to the embroidery was, that Dorothea was thus able to be with her mother all day, and to attend to her.

It was at Madame Michel's that Dorothea first became acquainted with Adèle, who was one of the apprentices—a showy, conceited girl, quick at her work, and sharp with her tongue. Knowing nothing of Dorothea's antecedents, and seeing the favour and even respect with which Madame Michel treated her, Adèle, always anxious to be first, became jealous of her. This fearful feeling was deepened by a reproof she received one day from Madame Michel for speaking rudely to Dorothea. Madame was bound by a promise not to betray the latter's secret, and therefore she could not explain satisfactorily to Adèle why she especially resented any rudeness to her. Adèle, more jealous than ever, took every opportunity of trying to injure Dorothea, and to hinder Madame from employing her. At last some very valuable work was lost, which was being prepared for the wedding of the Comtesse de Renneville, and Adèle contrived that

the blame should rest on Dorothea. Madame Michel was quite excited about it. Her reputation was gone! She should be desolated for life! She should perish of despair if it was not forthcoming! And a large reward was offered for its recovery. Adèle was the fortunate finder, and no one but herself ever knew where it was found. She told a vague story about its having been pawned to some disreputable person, into the truth of which Madame Michel had no time to inquire, so overwhelmed was she with preparations for this grand wedding. Adèle received her reward, and was promoted to a place in the showroom ; and Madame Michel coldly informed Dorothea that she should not require her services when the press of work for the wedding trousseau was over. In vain Dorothea implored her to continue to help her as she had hitherto. Madame's ear was poisoned by the snake-like Adèle. She would not accuse Dorothea ; she would not even say that she suspected her, or give her an opportunity of clearing herself ; and the poor sensitive girl seeing through it all, and nearly heart-broken, returned to her mother's bedside, not daring to give vent to the new sorrow which lay at her heart.

Lady Stanhope was slowly sinking, and in less than three weeks from this time she was taken to her rest. Dorothea, thus cast upon the world, had at least the comfort of feeling that her dear mother had never, since their misfortune, known any want, and that she had been enabled to cheer and brighten her to the last. The kind old clergyman who had found them out in their trouble, and had been as a father to Dorothea, now wished to provide for her. But she resolved to be independent, and advertised in the *Times* for a situation as governess, at the same time taking to herself the prosaic name of Martha Smyth, as being safer than her own somewhat striking one. In her first situation her little pupil died after a twelvemonth, and then she came to Clereton Manor, where she met Adèle, who had quarrelled with Madame Michel and come to England to seek her fortunes as lady's-maid. Once, and only once, in all these four years had Dorothea seen Arthur. It was in Paris, one evening, when she was taking home some work from Madame Michel's. He had come out of a shop, and was walking in the same direction in front of her, with a tall, handsome girl, who was laughing and talking gaily to him, and in whom Dorothea did not after-

wards recognise his cousin Marion. Dorothea pulled down her veil, and followed slowly behind them down the length of the street, with a beating heart, till she came to the first turning out of it. Down this she darted, and hastened home by another way. That was, indeed, an evening to be remembered by her: it was as if an arrow had pierced her, and rankled in the wound. And yet her mother had not an idea that her darling was in pain. Ten minutes only did Dorothea give to herself, in the solitude of her room, and then she came out, and talked and worked, and helped her mother to bed, as cheerfully as she had done every night. She was learning 'to suffer and be strong.'



CHAPTER XVI.

LIGHT BREAKS IN.

‘**A**UNT, will you listen to me, and be indulgent for once?’

‘I like that! When was Aunt Laura ever known to be other than most foolishly indulgent to her equally foolish boy, Arthur Oswald?’

‘That is it, aunt. I am going to be Arthur now for the time; that is, I am going back to my “Arthur” days.’

‘By which you mean, college days. Ah, well! What confession is there uppermost now for an “indulgent” ear?’

‘Dear aunt, be serious, please; for it is a serious matter to me.’ And he looked it.

‘Well?’ And Aunt Laura did look serious now.

‘There is a lady in the case,’ he said.

‘Of course! I knew that. Well?’

‘The fact is, I am a coward, aunt, and that’s all about it. But now I am going to tell you a story, by way of changing the conversation.’

Aunt Laura composed herself to listen; and he told the history related in the last chapter,—disguising the names,—and then asked his aunt what she thought of it.

Of course all her womanly sympathies were with Dorothea. ‘And where,’ she asked indignantly, ‘was the young man to whom she had been engaged? And what was he thinking of, that he did not find her out, and honour himself by making such a woman his wife, instead of letting her drudge?’

There was a pause when she had spoken; and then Sir Oswald said:

‘Aunt, I am the man; and Miss Smyth, *alias* Dorothea Stanhope, is the woman.’

‘You don’t mean it!’ exclaimed Lady Laura.

‘I do.’

Then there was a pause. Sir Oswald, like a wise man, held his tongue until his aunt spoke.

‘If I had only known this before!’ she said a little reproachfully. She was thinking of Adelaide.

‘My dear aunt, what could you have done?’

'No matter now, dear boy,' she said with a sigh. Then, 'I am glad I was kind to her. Poor thing! How little I thought—'

'My dear aunt! You can't help being kind to everybody.'

'Well, to her especially, because she seemed to be slighted, from all I learnt.'

'Yes!' cried Sir Oswald indignantly; 'it chafes me to think that she has a day, or an hour, longer, of it to bear. But there will be a grand commotion; and she shall have a "proper" triumph! You little know all that I could tell you. I had a conversation with our rector one day last week—more by token, I was late for dinner that day.'

'I remember,' said Lady Laura. 'I remember also how very absent you seemed to be when you did return.'

'Just so. We were talking about the Cleres—then the Manor; and I remarking on the age of the house, he said, "Yes, it was built by Sir Henry Stanhope's great-grandfather." The name arrested me. I went on pushing inquiries, and found that the said Sir Henry must have been my Dorothea's grandfather. He had only one son, the young Henry, who married a lovely, but poor, young lady.

Old Sir Henry quarrelled frightfully with his son for this match, and vowed he would cut him off with a shilling. The son lived abroad with his wife, on some property left him by an uncle. Old Sir Henry died ; and before his son could receive the tidings, *he* was killed by a fall from his horse. Then followed the crash of that great banking firm, and all the property went. It drives me almost wild to think of what my darling must have been enduring all these years ; but is it not strange that she should have been subjected to such treatment as I know she has received from those purse-proud Cleres in that very house which ought to have been hers ? My one object now is to release her from her slavery, and make her my own ; and I feel sure you will approve my choice when you know more of her.'

' I know quite enough of her to approve most fully already, dear boy ! ' said Lady Laura warmly.

Then they talked together of his plans for the future. Lady Laura was quite of opinion that Dorothea's real name and prospects ought to be made known at Clereton Manor as soon as possible, in order that she might be freed.

The following morning Sir Oswald was an-

nounced at the Manor, as the old clock in the quadrangle was striking twelve. Lady Clere was not down yet, the servant believed. Miss Clere was out with the Colonel somewhere in the grounds. Should he find them?

‘Miss Smyth will do,’ said Sir Oswald.

‘Sir?’ asked the man, as if he had not heard aright.

‘I should like to speak to Miss Smyth,’ repeated Sir Oswald.

‘Whatever can he want with the governess?’ wondered John, as he betook himself to the servants’ hall to summon Annie. Annie was not there, but Mademoiselle Adèle was. To her John gave his message.

Adèle tossed her head contemptuously, and, without vouchsafing a word, sailed up-stairs to her mistress.

Lady Clere was in one of her worst moods this morning. She had a nervous headache, and was more irritable and hard to please than usual.

‘Sir Oswald Douglas is here, and asks for you, miladi,’ said Adèle, going up to the bedside.

‘I cannot see him. Of course you knew that perfectly. Why did not you say so? And what a

creaking your boots make ! You must change them directly. I cannot endure it. Draw the curtain more this side ; the light is too strong. No ; nonsense ! That is too far, stupid !' and Lady Clere expressed the irritable conviction, that never was suffering mortal tried as she was.

Adèle calmly arranged the curtain as desired, and then said :

' Sir Oswald said Miss Smyth would do so well as you, miladi. Shall I tell her ?'

' What ! ' Lady Clere raised herself up in bed.

Adèle repeated her words.

' I do not choose to have a message through Miss Smyth. Tell John to say she is engaged. If there is any message for me, it can be given to John. Go, Adèle.'

But Adèle was too late. When John opened the drawing-room door to deliver his message, he quickly and quietly withdrew ; for there, speaking to Sir Oswald, at one of the open windows by which she had just stepped in from the lawn, stood Dorothea—her pale, still face suddenly lighted up with such colour and expression, that even unob-servant John could not help inwardly remarking that she did not look like herself.

‘How you startled me, Arthur!’ she exclaimed; as, passing the window, he had stood in the opening facing her. ‘What brings you here, if I may ask?’

‘You,’ answered Sir Oswald. ‘I asked to see Lady Clere, but hear she is not up. I am well content with the exchange, for the present. At the same time, I think it is fair to give her ladyship notice of my intentions. Have you said anything?’

‘Yes,’ replied Dorothea hesitatingly.

‘Had a scene, eh, my poor little one?’ he asked, observing the painful flush on her countenance. ‘Of course you had. The old virago!’ His face fired with indignation. ‘Have you broken the ice for me?’

‘Oh no, no!’ exclaimed Dorothea in a low voice. ‘I could not say anything about that. I hope she will not know it while I am here.’

‘Indeed she shall, if only to make her treat you properly,’ he answered. ‘That was what I came over for this morning. When do you leave?’

‘As soon as Lady Clere is suited,’ said Dorothea.

‘I will take care that she is suited soon, then,’ he replied. ‘I cannot bear that you should have a day

longer of this drudgery. You never should have had an hour of it, my darling, if I had but known!' He drew her to him tenderly, and, bending down, kissed her forehead. 'What do you deserve for hiding away from me all this time?'

She did not answer. Her eyes were full of tears. Her happiness was almost greater than she could bear. For her 'the winter was over and gone,' and the 'time of singing of birds' had come. To think that this love had been preserved to her, through the years of her privation and trouble, constant and true as it was in the beginning,—it was almost too much to believe. And how came it to be for *her*,—this great wealth of affection, this unlooked for good fortune,—she who felt, who knew herself to be so unworthy of it all? This was the thought that thrilled through her, and made the unbidden tears of thankful joy well up and overflow, as she leaned her head against that strong right arm which enfolded her,—hers, henceforward, for loving care and protection. Standing thus together, framed like a picture in the open window, they neither of them saw that Colonel Clere and Eleanor were coming towards them, in the distance, over the grass.

‘Gracious goodness! Nelly!’ ejaculated the Colonel under his voice, stopping short. ‘Look there! What does it mean?’

She had seen it first. It was of a piece with the scene in the billiard-room at Parkstone.

‘Very extraordinary!’ muttered the Colonel. ‘Let us turn and go in through the shrubbery. Ah! he sees us. Too late! How awkward! We must go on now.’

They came towards the window of the drawing-room,—Eleanor pale, stiff, rigid; Sir Oswald advancing to meet them. Dorothea had fled.

He felt that there was nothing for it but to explain.

‘I must ask for your congratulations,’ said he gaily. ‘You did not know that I was engaged to Miss Stanhope?’ he asked, turning to Eleanor.

‘Miss Stanhope! Are you——’ She stammered, bewildered.

‘I don’t understand,’ said the Colonel drily.

‘No, of course you do not. It is quite a romance, Colonel. To begin with, Miss Smyth is the late Sir Henry Stanhope’s daughter.’

‘She is nothing of the kind!’ burst out Eleanor. ‘She is an impostor! I knew it! I knew it! You,

are deceived! You are taken in!' She was trembling with agitation—her eyes flaming, the colour flashing up into her face, no longer pale.

'Eleanor!' exclaimed her father aghast.

'Yes, it is true, it is true! She is nothing but a little milliner's apprentice, I tell you. Ask Adèle. She knew her in Paris. She is an impostor—a low, mean, deceitful—'

'Stop!' exclaimed Sir Oswald in a voice of thunder, his face white with anger. 'I cannot hear these words of my betrothed wife, Miss Clere.'

'Very wrong, very wrong, child!' put in the Colonel sharply. 'You had better go in to your mother, and leave Sir Oswald with me. I must apologize for Nelly,' he went on, as Eleanor tossed her head and turned away. 'She is a fiery little thing. And there is some mistake, no doubt.'

'There is a very great mistake,' returned Sir Oswald gravely—so gravely, that the Colonel felt more uncomfortable than before, and began to wish himself anywhere else. But he was not to escape. He was in for it now, and for a good hour he and Colonel Clere walked up and down the green turf terrace in front of the house; while Eleanor,

pacing excitedly to and fro the length of her luxurious bedroom, watched them at each turn, from its window, with an indescribable tumult of scorn, jealousy, hatred—yes, hatred—raging in her heart.



CHAPTER XVII.

PARTING.

MADY CLERE'S annoyance, when she came to be enlightened that evening, knew no bounds. She kept her room, for she was suffering from a severe attack on the nerves. And no wonder. As she recalled her own insulting treatment of Dorothea Stanhope during the last twelve months, she felt that it would be impossible to meet her again during the remainder of her stay at Clereton Manor. Furious, too, at the destruction of her hopes for Eleanor, and at the idea that the little despised governess was to take the place which she had designed for her own daughter, she was sensible of but one wish, and that was, to get rid of Dorothea as speedily as possible.

After turning over various schemes in her mind

by which to effect this object with due dignity, she at last resolved to write a note to Dorothea. It ran thus :

‘DEAR MISS STANHOPE,—I greatly regret my inability to see you, but am too much of an invalid at present. Pray consider yourself at liberty to leave Clereton Manor at your earliest convenience.
—Truly yours,

L. A. CLERE.’

Enclosed was her half-year’s salary.

Dorothea, who saw that her departure was desired, was indeed well pleased to avail herself of the offered permission. She could not help being struck by the more than usually insolent manner of the servants towards her—all but Annie, who seemed anxious to show her every attention; and Adèle, who, contrary to her custom, slunk away at her approach, and seemed afraid to encounter her.

Eleanor, too, who had at once betaken herself to the Parsonage, and remained there by her own special entreaty, could not bring herself to meet Dorothea any more than her mother could.

The morning after the receipt of Lady Clere’s note, Dorothea summoned Annie to help her in the business of packing. It was not a very extensive

business to bestow that slender wardrobe in the two small boxes which were supposed to hold it all.

'I thought you would like to help me, Annie,' said Dorothea, as she handed her the things out of the drawers.

Annie did not answer; and Dorothea, glancing at her as she knelt before the trunk, saw that the girl's face was crimson, and her eyes brimming over with tears.

'Why, Annie!' she exclaimed; 'what is the matter?'

Annie burst out passionately: 'I can't bear you to go, Miss,' she sobbed. 'You're the only one in the house that has ever been kind to me, and—and—I can't stop here when you are gone!'

Dorothea was touched.

'Annie,' she said, 'if you really intend to leave your place here, would you like to come and be my servant by and by?'

'Your servant, Miss!' exclaimed Annie in astonishment, dropping the dress she was about to put into the box.

'Why not?' asked Dorothea, smiling.

'Because—because—there, I don't like to speak of it!' cried Annie, her face flashing with indigna-

tion all in a moment. 'Ma'amselle has been telling such things. I don't believe any of them; I don't!'

'What do you mean?' asked Dorothea.

'You'll please to excuse my mentioning such things, Miss,' replied Annie hotly; 'but it has been more than I could stand to hear her say that you were being sent away in disgrace, and that—'

Annie stopped short.

'Well?' asked Dorothea, more amused than vexed.

'That my lady had found you out trying your arts—beg pardon, Miss: that's what she said—yes, arts!' Annie's wrath here reached its climax.

'What arts?' asked Dorothea, smiling.

'Something to do with Sir Oswald Douglas, Miss, if you will please to excuse me for repeating it. She made out a scandalous tale, and of course the rest believed it. But I didn't, I wouldn't—no, not if all the world said it; for I know better,' concluded Annie, vehemently.

'And yet you may be mistaken,' said Dorothea quietly, 'as well as other people.'

'Mistaken I may be, Miss; yet I am quite sure that you could never do such things as ma'amselle

accuses you of. She says you are here under a false name, and ——'

'That is true,' said Dorothea calmly.

Annie looked up, surprised.

'There was a good reason for it, you may be sure,' said Dorothea. 'Some day you may know more about it. But if you like to come and be my maid when you are able to leave this, you shall, Annie. I am going to live in a large establishment, and shall want a maid.'

Annie's astonishment was great, but she knew her manners better than to ask questions; so she digested her amazement as best she could, while she went on packing Dorothea's things.

'Thank you, Miss; I should like it very much,' was all she said.

What could the 'large establishment' be? she pondered. Could it be the millinery house in Paris, to which Adèle was so fond of alluding in connection with Miss Smyth? What would she want with a maid there? Could it be a school? Ah, that was more likely. Miss Smyth would of course have to work somewhere if she left Clereton Manor, and perhaps she was going to set up a school. Well, whatever it was, Annie made up her mind

that she would stick to her. 'For she has been a good friend to me,' Annie said to herself; 'and I will follow her to the world's end, if she will let me!'

The boxes were packed at last; and Dorothea asked to see Colonel Clere, to say good-bye to him. Eleanor was still at the Parsonage.

'Very awkward, 'pon my word,' muttered the Colonel to himself as he sat in his study over his letters, among fishing-tackle and guns, and all the heterogeneous concerns of a country gentleman's sanctum. 'Come in, Miss Sm— Stanhope, I beg your pardon. So you are going? Sorry for it.'

'It is very kind of you to say so,' answered Dorothea, with moistened eyes; kind words had been such scarce articles at Clereton Manor. 'I am sorry I cannot see Lady Clere,' she went on to say, and paused.

'Well, no, she is not at all the thing. She is very low and—and hysterical, and that sort of thing. Bless these women!' The last ejaculation was uttered mentally. No one but himself knew, or ever would know, what a night the unfortunate Colonel had passed with his fretful, unreasonable, and, as he truly said, hysterical partner; one of

many such, which the philosophical and long-suffering husband put down among the inevitable penalties of matrimony, and bore with accordingly.

'Will you say good-bye to her for me?' asked Dorothea. 'And Eleanor: I should have liked to have seen her before I went.'

Colonel Clere hardly knew what to say. He felt ashamed of both his wife and daughter. He assured Dorothea he would make her farewells, as she desired, and accompanied her to the hall door, where he handed her into the carriage, which was waiting to take her to the station.

On the way thither she passed the Parsonage. For a moment she thought of going in there; and was just about to tell the man to stop, when she saw that every blind was down. Poor little Agnes Leyton had but an hour since passed to her rest.



CHAPTER XVIII.

A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD.

A MONTH later, the marriage of Sir Oswald Douglas with Dorothea Stanhope was announced in the papers. They went to reside in Scotland, on his estate there.

A year had passed, and at last Dorothea gave utterance to a thought which had been often in her mind. 'I should like to write and ask Eleanor to come and stay with me, dear Arthur,' she said.

'Dorothea! Have you taken leave of your senses?'

'I hope not,' she answered, smiling. 'But why do you say that? I feel a great interest in that poor child, and am sure she has the makings of something better in her. Do let me ask her, at any rate.'

'Do as you like, dear. I shall be very much surprised if her lady-mother lets her come.'

‘So shall I. But there is no harm in asking; and, at all events, it will show that I do not resent the past, and I am anxious to do that.’

‘I always believed you were an angel, and now I have no doubt about it.’

‘Fie, Arthur !’

And she sat down to write her letter. She had never heard anything of the Cleres since her marriage. She had written to Eleanor once, and receiving no answer, had not written again. Lady Laura had been abroad all the winter with Marion, and so had the Wiltons, on account of Adelaide’s health, who had been pronounced consumptive; and Mr. Mynors had left Clereton: so that no tidings of the Cleres had reached her in any way. This letter, directed to Clereton Manor, was returned to Dorothea a short time after, through the Dead-letter Office.

‘What can have become of the Cleres?’ asked Dorothea of her husband.

‘Perhaps they are not in England,’ was Sir Oswald’s suggestion.

‘Ah, very likely not.’ And so the subject passed from Dorothea’s mind, for she had much to occupy her.

She was the Lady Bountiful of the country round. Not a poor shealing or hamlet, far or near, but was gladdened by her visits. On her little mountain pony, with her husband often, and, when he could not accompany her, with her faithful Annie for an attendant, she visited the poor and suffering; and they one and all 'called her blessed.' She seemed to have the special gift of winning their hearts by her gentle and loving sympathy. She who had known poverty, could compassionate the poor; and she who had suffered, could feel for the suffering. Sir Oswald supplied her liberally with the means of relief for them all, and entered heartily into her wise and energetic plans for their help.

'It is too great happiness,' she used to say to her husband. 'It frightens me sometimes, to feel that I have not a want or a wish ungratified.'

'My dear love,' he would reply, 'you need not fear: you have had your discipline, and a very fair share of it, too!'

He was proud to see how his Dorothea was appreciated by his richer neighbours. She had brightened wonderfully since her marriage: an atmosphere of happiness had brought out the gaiety and talent with which she was endowed by

nature. ‘We must have that dear little Lady Douglas, for one,’ was the speech which was continually uttered when it was a question of a dinner-party or an evening’s amusement. She was always ready to help and to please; and her unselfishness was the secret of her popularity. So much was she in request, that if anything could have awakened impatience in one so gentle, the fact of her scarcely ever being left to herself would have done it; but her own comfort was the last thing of which she ever thought.

‘Here is an invitation to Castle Gordon,’ said Sir Oswald, coming in one day to Dorothea’s ‘dispensary,’ as he called it—a large room in the back regions of the house, fitted up with stores of garments for the poor, blankets, medicines, and groceries. ‘What a busy little woman you are! Can you give me a few minutes’ attention?’

‘Of course I can!’ And Dorothea wound her arm into her husband’s, with a bright smile, saying to her helper Annie, ‘You can finish looking out these things, Annie,’ and went away with him.

The visit to Castle Gordon was decided on readily, though Dorothea was always sorry to leave her dear home and its many interests. But she felt,

that she owed a duty to her neighbours, rich as well as poor.

The Lane Gordons were charming people—a large family, each one clever in his or her particular way: three darlings in the nursery, Mrs. Lane Gordon's especial pets and show-babies; three more in the schoolroom, of whom little, comparatively, was seen or heard; two fine lads at school; and two daughters and a son, grown up. It was a very happy domestic circle, and all the young people were unanimous in their liking for Dorothea. She and Sir Oswald were joyfully welcomed by them on their arrival at Castle Gordon, a little while before the dinner hour. They found the nursery pets basking on the rug in the drawing-room, and the more sedate Janet and Bessie having a game of romps with them.

‘Where are the others?’ inquired Dorothea, after the first greetings had been exchanged.

‘You shall see them after dinner,’ said her hostess. ‘We are trying to get them into the way of schoolroom discipline, now their long holiday is over.’

‘You have found a governess, then?’ Dorothea asked.

‘Yes, after a great deal of trouble. It really

has been quite an anxiety. I decided at last on having a young person. I think it does better for little ones. She is able to be more of a companion for them than an older person would probably be. I have got a very nice-looking girl—almost too pretty, I am afraid; but so sensitive and hypochondriacal, I don't think she will ever do. You shall see her after dinner when the children come down, and give me your opinion about her.'

They parted to dress for dinner. Dorothea looked perfectly sweet in her tasteful yet very quiet costume of delicate grey silk and white lace. It suited her fair and gentle appearance, and the soft bloom of happiness which always now rested on her countenance.

The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and Dorothea was deep in discussion with Mrs. Lane Gordon on the merits of industrial homes, when the door opened, and in flocked three pretty little girls, of the ages of eight, ten, and eleven, followed by their governess—a slight, fair young girl in the deepest mourning.

‘Eleanor! My dear child!’

‘Miss Smyth—I mean—oh, oh!’ and Eleanor

sank into the nearest seat, and burst into hysterical weeping.

In another moment Dorothea was kneeling by Eleanor, folding her in her arms. Mrs. Lane Gordon, with ready tact, sent her little ones into the adjoining room, and followed them herself.

The tale that fell on Dorothea's ear from Eleanor's white lips, when she was a little calmer, stirred her tenderest pity. In the course of six months Colonel Clere had died, and was found to be bankrupt, and Lady Clere had gone out of her mind, and was obliged to be put under restraint. Eleanor, thus thrown upon the world alone, had advertised for a situation as governess to young children. This was her second place.

'But why, dear child, did you not write to me? If I had only known!' said Dorothea, with all her heart in her mouth.

A deep crimson suffused Eleanor's face.

'How could I?' she murmured. 'Oh, how often I have thought of you! Can you ever forgive all the past?'

Great tears were dropping on Dorothea's hand as it rested on Eleanor's.

'Forgive! Don't let us talk of that. I loved you

always, and felt sure that the better nature would assert itself some day. My poor, dear child! You shall come to me, and have the rest and quiet you need in your heavy sorrow. You shall come and do just as you like.'

'No, no!' cried Eleanor, with a rainbow smile through her tears. 'I have had too much of that!'

'Then I shall do just as *I* like,' said Dorothea gaily, 'and carry you back with me.. You are not fit for work at present,—that is plain. I will engage to find a substitute.'

And so she did. A week later, a young German lady, a protégé of Dorothea's, gladly took Eleanor's place, greatly to Mrs. Lane Gordon's satisfaction, and Eleanor became an inmate of Lady Douglas's household. There a new life has opened upon her, and she bids fair to become a good and happy woman, and a blessing in her generation. For under the tuition of Dorothea, with whom she lives like a dear younger sister, Eleanor Clere has at length learned the great secret of *self-rule*.

Her friend Gerty Mynors spends some months in every year with her: and a happier little party it would be scarcely possible to find. Both Eleanor and Gerty look upon Dorothea as their best friend.

Although in stories it is usual for each character to receive its just desert in this world, we know that in real life it is otherwise. Therefore it is that no further mention of Adèle appears in these pages. Her reward yet awaits her.





ORIGINAL JUVENILE LIBRARY.

A CATALOGUE
OF
NEW AND POPULAR WORKS,
PRINCIPALLY FOR THE YOUNG.
IN ELEGANT CLOTH BINDINGS.
SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS AND SCHOOL PRIZES.



PUBLISHED BY
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
(SUCCESSIONS TO NEWBERRY AND HARRIS),
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,
LONDON.

BIRTHDAY, CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS.

STANESBY'S ILLUMINATED GIFT BOOKS.

Every page richly printed in Gold and Colours.

The Bridal Souvenir;

New Edition, with a Portrait of the Princess Royal. Elegantly bound in white morocco, price 21s.

"A splendid specimen of decorative art, and well suited for a bridal gift."

The Birth-Day Souvenir;

A Book of Thoughts on Life and Immortality. Price 12s. 6d. illuminated cloth; 18s. morocco antique.

Light for the Path of Life;

from the Holy Scriptures. Small 4to., price 12s. cloth elegant, 15s. calf, gilt edges; 18s. morocco antique.

The Wisdom of Solomon;

From the Book of Proverbs. Small 4to, price 14s. cloth elegant; 18s. calf; 21s. morocco antique.

The Floral Gift.

Small 4to., price 14s. cloth elegant; 21s. morocco extra.

Shakespeare's Household Words;

With a Photographic Portrait taken from the Monument at Stratford-on-Avon. Price 9s. cloth elegant; 14s. morocco antique.

"An exquisite little gem, fit to be the Christmas offering to Titania or Queen Mab."

Aphorisms of the Wise and Good.

With a Photographic Portrait of Milton. Price 9s. cloth, elegant; 14s. Turkey morocco antique.

The Fifteen O's, and other Prayers;

Printed by WILLIAM CAXTON, and reproduced in Photo-Lithography, by special permission of the Trustees of the British Museum, from the only known copy, purchased of the late Mr. PICKERING for £250. Small quarto, price 10s. 6d., bound in parchment.

Emblems of Christian Life.

Illustrated by W. HARRY ROGERS, in One Hundred Original Designs from the writings of the Fathers, Old English Poets, etc. Printed by Whittingham, with Borders and Initials in Red. Square 8vo., price 10s. 6d. cloth, elegant; 21s. morocco antique.

Approach to the Holy Altar;

By BISHOP KEN, from his "Manual of Prayer," and "Practice of Divine Love." Beautifully printed in Red and Black. Royal 32mo., price 1s. 6d. cloth, red edges.

* * * *May be had in Calf and Morocco bindings.*

NEW AND POPULAR WORKS.

IN ELEGANT CLOTH BINDINGS.

NEW WORK BY JOHN TIMBS.

Notabilia :

Or, Curious and Amusing Facts about Many Things. Explained and Illustrated by JOHN TIMBS. Post 8vo., price 6s.

NEW WORK BY G. A. HENTY.

The Young Franc-Tireurs,

And their Adventures in the Franco-Prussian War. By G. A. HENTY, Special Correspondent of the *Standard*. With Illustrations by R. T. LANDELLS, Artist to the *Illustrated London News*. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Out on the Pampas ;

Or, the Young Settlers. With Illustrations by ZWECKER. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

"Just the book boys like, and they will find, as we did, that it is not easy to lay it down till all the young Settler's troubles and adventures have come to an end." - *Graphic*.

NEW WORK BY JULES VERNE.

A Journey to the Centre of the Earth.

From the French of JULES VERNE, Author of "Five Weeks in a Balloon," &c. With 52 page Illustrations by RIOU. Post 8vo., price 6s., gilt edges, 7s.

The Oak Staircase ;

Or, The Stories of Lord and Lady Desmond: a Narrative of the Times of James II. By MARY and CATHERINE LEE, Authors of "Rosamond Fane," &c. With Illustrations by T. H. COLLINS. Post 8vo., price 4s. 6d. gilt edges. 5s.

The Young Governess :

A Tale for Girls. By KAY SPEN, Author of "Gerty and May," "Sunny Days," &c. With Illustrations by H. PATERSON. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

Lizzie's Secret :

A Story for Little Children. Written and Illustrated by ADELAIDE A. MAGUIRE. Small 4to., price 3s. 6d.

Alda Graham and Her Brother Philip.

By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS, Daughter of the late Captain Marryat. With Illustrations by GEORGE HAY. Post 8vo., price 4s. 6d., gilt edges, 5s.

Our Old Uncle's Home,

And what the Boys did There. By MOTHER CAREY. With Illustrations by WALTER CRANE. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

How to make Doll's Furniture

And to Furnish a Doll's House. With Seventy Illustrations. Small 4to., price 2s.

Aunt Jenny's American Pets.

By CATHERINE C. HOPLEY, Author of "Life in the South," &c. With Illustrations by EDWARD NEALE. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

Title Tattle,

And other Stories. By the Author of "Little Tales for Tiny Tots." With Illustrations by E. BOLTON. Super-royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges 3s. 6d.

Little Lisette, the Orphan of Alsace.

By the Author of "Louis Michaud," &c. With Illustrations. Royal 16mo., price 1s. 6d.

A Child's Influence;

Or, Kathleen and Her Great Uncle. By LISA LOCKYER. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

My School Days in Paris.

By MARGARET S. JEUNE. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

"We can record our very high appreciation of this narrative. Girls will read it with interest, and heads of girls' schools study with profit."—*Literary Churchman*.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF PATRAÑAS.**Household Stories from the Land of Hofer;**

Or, Popular Myths of Tirol, including the Rose Garden of King Laryn. With Illustrations by T. GREEN. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

"We thank the author of 'Patrañas' for another rich treat."—*Art Journal*.

"A collection of charming legends, all of them interesting, and some of them exquisitely beautiful."—*Scotsman*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.**Patrañas;**

Or, Spanish Stories, Legendary and Traditional. Illustrations by EDWARD H. CORBOULD. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

"These Patrañas contain great beauty as well as much that is new and curious."—*Literary Churchman*.

"Delightfully chivalrous, quaint and truly Spanish."—*Monthly Packet*.

"Told in a lovely and graphic manner."—*Times*.

"Calculated to please the young, and interest the scholar."—*Notes and Queries*.

WORKS BY BARBARA HUTTON.

Tales of the Saracens;

By BARBARA HUTTON. With Illustrations by EDWARD H. CORBOULD. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges 5s. 6d.

"The book is written in a clear and intelligent style, and will prove both entertaining and instructive to intelligent readers."—*British Quarterly*.

Tales of the White Cockade.

Illustrations by LAWSON. Post 8vo., price 5s. cl., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

"A most pleasant and well written narrative of the Stuarts in their exile."—*Times*.

"A history that is as romantic as any novel."—*Saturday Review*.

Heroes of the Crusades.

Illustrated by PRIOLO. Post 8vo., Price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

Castles, and their Heroes.

With Illustrations. Post 8vo, price 4s. 6d.; gilt edges, 5s.

NEW WORK BY MRS. BRAY.

The Good St. Louis and His Times.

By MRS. BRAY, author of "The Life of Stothard," "Romance of the Tamar and Tavy," &c., with Portrait. Post 8vo., Price 7s. 6d.

"Mrs. Bray is quite at home in her subject—she has furnished a valuable and interesting record of Louis' reign, abounding in anecdote, and full of the romance of Eastern warfare."—*Spectator*.

"The style of the narrative is bright and picturesque, and the facts derived from careful study of the best authorities."—*The Guardian*.

"We have here one of the most saintly, and yet most secularly interesting of mediæval kings admirably supplied in these pages."—*The Times*.

John Deane of Nottingham;

His Adventures and Exploits. A Tale of the Time of William of Orange. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, author of "Peter the Whaler," &c.

With Illustrations. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

"Full of exciting adventures, capitaliy told."—*Literary Churchman*.

Favourite Fables in Prose and Verse.

With 24 beautiful Illustrations from Drawings by HARRISON WEIR. Small 4to., price 6s., or bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

"True to the name. They are well put up, tastefully bound, and above all things illustrated by the graceful pencil of our old friend Harrison Weir."—*Times*.

"The drawings are wonderfully graphic and appropriate."—*The Queen*.

Muriel's Dreamland;

A Fairy Tale. By Mrs. J. W. BROWN, M.S.F.A. With Photographic Illustrations from drawings by the Authoress and her Daughter. Small 4to, price 6s.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE.

Trimmer's History of the Robins.

Written for the Instruction of Children on their treatment of Animals. With 24 beautiful Engravings from Drawings by HARRISON WEIR. Price 6s. cloth extra, 7s. 6d. cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"The delicious story of Dickey, Flopsy, and Pecky, who have forgotten it? It is as fresh to-day as it was half a century ago."—*Art Journal*.

"The illustrations by Harrison Weir will tend to raise it even higher in the estimation of others beside the inmates of the nursery."—*The Times*.

TRIMMER'S ROBINS IN ONE SYLLABLE.

The History of the Robins;

By MRS. TRIMMER. In Words of One Syllable. Edited by the Rev. CHARLES SWETE, M.A. With Illustrations by H. WEIR. Super-royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d.

Theodora.

A Tale for Girls. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS. With Illustrations by George Hay. Post 8vo., price 4s. 6d., gilt edges 5s.

"The characters are well drawn, and the interest unflagging."—*Art Journal*.

From Peasant to Prince;

Or, the Life of ALEXANDER PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF. Freely translated from the Russian by Madame PIETZKER. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

"A charming Russian tale, tracing the steps of Menschikoff from the time of his being a poor lad, to his exaltation under Peter the Great."—*Daily Review*.

Millicent and Her Cousins.

By the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL, Author of "Helen in Switzerland," etc. With Illustrations by R. PATERSON. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

A capital book for girls. Bright, sparkling, and full of life, yet never transgressing limits of good taste and probability."—*Guardian*.

Rosamond Fane;

Or, the Prisoners of St. James. By MARY and CATHERINE LEE. Illustrations by R. DUDLEY. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

"The eventful story of Charles the First's children very well told."—*Athenaeum*.

Lucy's Campaign;

A Story of Adventure. By MARY and CATHERINE LEE. With Illustrations by GEORGE HAY. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. cloth elegant; 3s. 6d. gilt edges.

"The adventures 'Lucy' goes through are detailed in a remarkably agreeable manner."—*The Queen*.

Amy's Wish, and What Came of it.

A Fairy Tale, by Mrs. G. TYLEE. Illustrations by WIEGAND. Super-royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured plates, gilt edges.

Bertrand du Guesclin, the Hero of Brittany.

By EMILE DE BONNECHOSE. Translated by MARGARET S. JEUNE, Frontispiece by PRIOLO. Fep. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

"The high tone of feeling with which it is written makes it specially valuable as an educational book, taking education in the sense of formation of character. All boys will enjoy it for the scenes of adventure and heroism through which it leads them."—*Literary Churchman*.

Adventures of Hans Sterk,

The South African Hunter and Pioneer. By CAPTAIN DRAYSON, author of "Tales of the Outspan," etc. Illustrated by ZWECKER. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

"From first to last, it is full of life and variety, and will also give boys some knowledge of the people of South Africa, and their mode of life."—*Nonconformist*.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERTY AND MAY."

With Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d. each plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Sunny Days ; Or, a Month at the Great Stowe.**Our White Violet. Second Edition.**

"A thorough child's book."—*The Queen*.

Gerty and May. Second Edition.

"A charming book for children. Though the story is full of fun, the moral is never lost sight of."—*Literary Churchman*.

WORKS BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DAUGHTER.

With Illustrations by various Artists. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. each plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Adrift on the Sea ; Or, The Children's Escape. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS.**Stolen Cherries ;**

Or, Tell the Truth at Once.

The Children's Pic Nic, And what Came of it.**What became of Tommy. Second Edition.****A Week by Themselves. Second Edition.****Harry at School.****Long Evenings ; Or, Stories for My Little Friends. Third Edition.**

"Mrs. Norris has established her own fame, and her paternity is clearly proved by the knack in story telling she inherits from her father."—*Art Journal*.

WORKS BY MRS. BRODERIP DAUGHTER OF T. HOOD.

The Whispers of a Shell;

Or, Stories of the Sea. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. With Illustrations by GEORGE HAY. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s. "The book will lead to the awakening of a very genuine interest for that exquisite branch of natural history which relates to the living wonders of the deep."—*Illustrated Times*.

Tales of the Toys.

Told by Themselves. With Illustrations by her brother, TOM HOOD. Super-Royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d., plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges. "A capital conception well worked out."—*British Quarterly*.

Wild Roses;

Or, Simple Stories of Country Life. Illustrated by ANELAY. Price 3s. 6d. "Written with the grace and truthfulness which the daughter of Tom Hood knows so well how to impart."—*Art Journal*.

Mamma's Morning Gossips;

Or, Little Bits for Little Birds. Containing Easy Lessons in Words of One Syllable, and Stories to read. Fifty Illustrations by TOM HOOD. Foolscape Quarto, price, 3s. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Merry Songs for Little Voices;

The words by Mrs. BRODERIP; set to music by THOMAS MURBY, with 40 illustrations by TOM HOOD. Fcap. 4to., price 5s.

Crosspatch, the Cricket, and the Counterpane;

A Patchwork of Story and Song. Illustrated by TOM HOOD. Super royal 16mo. price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

My Grandmother's Budget

of Stories and Verses. Illustrated by TOM HOOD. Price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Tiny Tadpole;

And other Tales. With Illustrations by TOM HOOD. Price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A remarkable book, by the brother and sister of a family in which genius and fun are inherited."—*Saturday Review*.

Funny Fables for Little Folks.

Illustrated by TOM HOOD. Second Edition. 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Little Gipsy.

By ELIE SAUVAGE. Translated by ANNA BLACKWELL. Profusely illustrated by LORENZ FRÖLICH. Small 4to., price 5s., gilt edges, 6s. "An exquisite story, narrated with a grace and charm that will fascinate all readers. The illustrations are singularly graceful."—*Athenaeum*.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "TUPPY,"

With Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d. each plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Odd Stories about Animals;

Told in Short and Easy Words. Eight Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Super-royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Neptune.

The Autobiography of a Newfoundland Dog. Illustrated by A. T. ELWES. Second Edition.

Trottie's Story Book;

True Tales in Short Words and Large Type. Third Edition. Eight Illustrations by WEIR.

Tiny Stories for Tiny Readers in Tiny Words.

With Twelve Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Fourth edition.

Tuppy;

Or, the Autobiography of a Donkey. Illustrated by WEIR. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A very intelligent donkey, worthy of the distinction conferred upon him by the artist."—*Art Journal*.

BOOKS FOR EVERY CHILD.

Bound in Elegant Covers. Quarto. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 7s. 6d. coloured; 10s. 6d. mounted on cloth and coloured.

The Attractive Picture Book.

A New Gift from the Old Corner, containing numerous Illustrations by eminent Artists. Super-royal 4to. bound in an elegant cover, printed in gold and colours, price 3s. 6d. plain; 7s. 6d. coloured; 10s. 6d. on cloth and coloured.

The Favourite Picture Book;

A Gallery of Delights, designed for the Amusement and Instruction of the Young. With several Hundred Illustrations from Drawings by J. ABSOLON, H. K. BROWNE (Phiz), J. GILBERT, T. LANDSEER, J. LEECH, J. S. PROUT, H. WEIR, etc. New Edition.

WORKS BY MRS. DAVENPORT.

Constance and Nellie;

Or, the Lost Will. By EMMA DAVENPORT. Frontispiece by T. S. WALE. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

The Holidays Abroad;

Or, Right at Last. With Frontispiece by G. HAY. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

"Its tone is healthy and natural."—*Churchman*.

The Happy Holidays;

Or, Brothers and Sisters at Home. Frontispiece by F. GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

Our Birthdays;

And how to improve them. Frontispiece by D. H. FRISTON. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

"Most admirably suited as a gift to young girls."—*British Mother's Magazine*.

Fickle Flora,

And her Seaside Friends. Illustrations by J. ABSOLON. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Live Toys;

Or, Anecdotes of our Four-legged and other Pets. Illustrations by WEIR. Second Edition, Super Royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Alice and Beatrice.

By GRANDMAMMA. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Super-Royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Corner Cottage and its Inmates;

Or, Trust in God. By FRANCES OSBORNE. With Illustrations by the Author. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d. gilt edges, 3s.

Cousin Trix,

And her Welcome Tales. By GEORGIANA CRAIK. With Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Super-royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Bright and lively, with a well concealed moral."—*Guardian*.

Play-Room Stories;

Or, How to make Peace. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. With Illustrations by C. GREEN. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"This Book will come with 'peace' upon its wings into many a crowded play-room."—*Art Journal*.

WORKS BY JOHN TIMBS.

Ancestral Stories and Traditions of Great Families.

Illustrative of English History. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With Frontispiece. Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

"An interesting and well written book of many curious legends and historical facts."—*Literary Churchman.*

Nooks and Corners of English Life.

Past and Present. By JOHN TIMBS. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Post 8vo, price 6s.; gilt edges, 6s. 6d.

"There is not a chapter in the whole work in which instructive matter is not found."—*London Review.*

"A book which ought to find a place in one of the nooks and 'corners' of every library."—*The Reliquary.*

Strange Stories of the Animal World;

A Book of Curious Contributions to Natural History. By JOHN TIMBS. Illustrations by ZWECKER. Second Edition. Post 8vo, price 6s., gilt edges, 6s. 6d.

"Among all the books of the season that will be studied with profit and pleasure, there is not one more meritorious in aim, or more successful in execution."—*Athenaeum.*

Lady Bountiful's Legacy

To her Family and Friends: a Book of Practical Instructions and Duties, Counsels and Experiences, Hints and Recipes in Housekeeping and Domestic Management. Post 8vo, price 6s. ; gilt edges, 7s.

"There is something to be found in this volume about everything which concerns the household."—*Churchman.*

The Book of Cats :

A Chit Chat Chronicle of Feline Facts and Fancies; By CHARLES H. ROSS. With Twenty Illustrations by the Author. Post 8vo, price 4s. 6d.; gilt edges 5s..

"A valuable contribution to cat history."—*Court Journal.*

Sunbeam, a Fairy Tale.

By MRS. PIETZKER. With Illustrations by ALEXANDER CHARLEMAGNE. Small Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d.

The Bear King :

A Narrative Confided to the Marines by JAMES GREENWOOD. With Illustrations by ERNEST GRISSET. Printed on toned paper. Small 4to, price 3s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured, gilt edges.

"More than amusing."—*Saturday Review.*

Upside Down :

A Series of Amusing Pictures from Sketches by the late W. McCONNELL, with Verses by THOMAS HOOD. Coloured Plates, 4to, price 2s. 6d., fancy boards.

"Ludicrous and amusing."—*Illustrated Times.*

BOYS' BOOKS BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DAUGHTER.

Gerald and Harry;

Or, the Boys in the North. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS. Illustrations by J. B. ZWECKER. Post 8vo, price 5s. ; gilt edges 5s. 6d.

"The author can tell a story with much spirit, and on the present occasion she has done her best."—*Athenaeum.*

The Early Start in Life.

By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS. With Illustrations by J. LAWSON. Post 8vo, price 5s. ; gilt edges 5s. 6d.

The Little Child's Fable Book;

Arranged progressively in words of One, Two, and Three Syllables, With Sixteen Page Illustrations by GEORGINA BOWERS. Small 4to, price 3s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured, gilt edges.

The Young Vocalist:

A Collection of Twelve Songs, each with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte, selected from Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, &c., by MRS. MUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW, Associate of the Philharmonic Society. 4to, price 2s. paper cover; or 3s. 6d. cloth extra, gilt edges.

"These Lyrics are selected and composed for children who are too young to sing operatic or romantic songs, or too old for those founded on nursery tales. The melodies are all of a suitable compass, so that the voices may not be injured by practice at an early age."—*Extract from Preface.*

"Arranged with the best possible taste and skill."—*Musical World.*

The Confessions of a Lost Dog,

Reported by her Mistress, FRANCES POWER COBBE. With Photograph of the Dog from Life. Price 2s. cloth, gilt edges.

CHARLES BENNETT'S LAST WORK.

Lightsome and the Little Golden Lady.

Written and Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Twenty-four Engravings. Fcap. 4to., price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The work of a man who is sure to put some touch of a peculiar genius into whatever he does."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"There is rare fun for the little ones, and there is genius in the fun."—*Nonconformist.*

Casimir, the Little Exile.

By CAROLINE PEACHY. With Illustrations by C. STANTON. Post 8vo., price 4s. 6d.; gilt edges 5s.

"The tone of 'Casimir' is healthy, and the story will be found no less beneficial than interesting."—*Athenaeum.*

Nursery Times;

Or, Stories about the Little Ones. By an Old Nurse. Illustrated by J. LAWSON. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Helen in Switzerland.

By the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL. With Illustrations by E. WHYMPER.

Super-royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A pleasant variety of local legend and history, mingled with the incidents of travel."—*The Spectator*.

Echoes of an Old Bell;

And other Tales of Fairy Lore, by the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL.

Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A delightful book of well-conceived and elegantly-written fairy tales."—*Literary Churchman*.

The Surprising Adventures of the Clumsy Boy

CRUSOE. By CHARLES H. ROSS. With Twenty-three Coloured Illustrations. Imperial 8vo., price 2s. fancy cover.

Infant Amusements;

Or, How to Make a Nursery Happy. With Hints to Parents and Nurses on the Moral and Physical Training of Children. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d.

"We urge parents most strongly to obtain this book forthwith; we know of no book that can compare with it in practical value. Each chapter is worth the price of the book."—*Our Fireside*.

The Australian Babes in the Wood;

A True Story told in Rhyme for the Young. With Illustrations by HUGH CAMERON, A.R.S.A.; J. McWHIRTER; GEO. HAY; J. LAWSON, &c. 1s. 6d. boards; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

Taking Tales for Cottage Homes;

in Plain Language and Large Type. In Twelve Parts, each containing Sixty-four pages, and several Engravings. 4d. each. Complete in Four Volumes, cloth, 1s. 6d., or 2 vols. extra cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

1. The Miller of Hillbrook: a Rural Tale.
2. Tom Trueman; a Sailor in a Merchantman.
3. Michael Hale and his Family in Canada.
4. John Armstrong, the Soldier.
5. Joseph Rudge, the Australian Shepherd.
6. Life underground; or, Dick the Colliery Boy.
7. Life on the Coast; or, the Little Fisher Girl.
8. Adventures of Two Orphans in London.
9. Early Days on Board a Man-of-War.
10. Walter the Foundling: a Tale of Olden Times.
11. The Tenants of Sunnyside Farm.
12. Holmwood; or, the New Zealand Settler.

"The terse Saxon terms employed are level to the capacity of the humblest."—*Ragged School Magazine*.

"Written in a clear and sensible style."—*Guardian*.

Featherland;

Or, How the Birds lived at Greenlawn. By G. W. FENN. Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges, "A delightful book for children. There is no story, but the happiest perception of childish enjoyment is contained in fanciful sketches of bird-life."—*Examiner*.

Early Days of English Princes;

By MRS. RUSSELL GRAY. Illustrations by JOHN FRANKLIN. New and Enlarged Edition. Super-royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Pictures of Girl Life.

By CATHARINE AUGUSTA HOWELL. Frontispiece by F. ELTZE. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. gilt edges 3s. 6d. "A really healthy and stimulating book for girls."—*Nonconformist*.

Fun and Earnest;

Or, Rhymes with Reason, by D'ARCY W. THOMPSON. Illustrated by CHARLES H. BENNETT. Imperial 16mo., price 3s. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"Only a clever man with the touch of a poet's feeling in him, can write good children's nonsense; such a man the author proves himself to be."—*Examiner*.

Nursery Nonsense;

Or, Rhymes without Reason, by D'ARCY W. THOMPSON, with sixty Illustrations, by C. H. BENNETT. Second edition. Imperial 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain; or 4s. 6d. coloured, cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"The funniest book we have seen for an age, and quite as harmless as hearty."—*Daily Review*.

"Whatever Mr. Bennett does, has some touch in it of a true genius."—*Examiner*.

WORKS BY LADY LUSHINGTON.

Almeria's Castle;

Or, My Early Life in India and England. By LADY LUSHINGTON, with Twelve Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

"The Authoress has a very graphic pen, and brings before our eyes, with singular vividness, the localities and modes of life she aims to describe."—*London Review*.

Hacco the Dwarf;

Or, The Tower on the Mountain; and other Tales, by LADY LUSHINGTON. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL. Super-royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Enthusiasm is not our usual fashion, but the excellence of these stories is so greatly above the average of most clever tales for the play-room, that we are tempted to reward the author with admiration."—*Athenaeum*.

The Happy Home;

Or, the Children at the Red House, by LADY LUSHINGTON. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL. Price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A happy mixture of fact and fiction. Altogether it is one of the best books of the kind we have met with."—*Guardian*.

The Four Seasons.

A Short Account of the Structure of Plants, being Four Lectures written for the Working Men's Institute, Paris. With Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. Price, 3s 6d.
 "Distinguished by extreme clearness, and teeming with information of a useful and popular character."—*Guardian*.

Spectropia;

Or, Surprising Spectral Illusions, showing Ghosts everywhere and of any Colour. By J. H. BROWN. Fifth edition. Quarto. Coloured Plates. Price 2s. 6d. fancy boards.

"One of the best scientific toy books we have seen."—*Athenaeum*.
 "A clever book. The illusions are founded on true scientific principles."—*Chemical News*.

Memorable Battles in English History.

Where Fought, why Fought, and their Results. With Lives of the Commanders. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Frontispiece by ROBERT DUDLEY. Post 8vo., price 6s. gilt edges.

"Of the care and honesty of the author's labours, the book gives abundant proof."—*Athenaeum*.

William Allair;

Or, Running away to Sea, by Mrs. H. WOOD, author of "The Channings." Frontispiece by F. GILBERT. Second edition. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

"There is a fascination about Mrs. Wood's writings, from which neither old nor young can escape."—*Bell's Messenger*.

The Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep.

Written and Illustrated by TOM HOOD. Quarto, price 2s. 6d., coloured plates.

"Full of fun and of good innocent humour. The illustrations are excellent."—*The Critic*.

WORKS BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

The Primrose Pilgrimage.

A Woodland Story, by M. BETHAM EDWARDS, illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"One of the best books of children's verse that has appeared since the early days of Mary Howitt."—*Nonconformist*.

Scenes and Stories of the Rhine.

By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. With Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Holidays Among the Mountains;

Or, Scenes and Stories of Wales. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. Illustrated by F. J. SKILL. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

With Illustrations, Fcap. 8vo., price 5s. each gilt edges.

Luke Ashleigh;

Or, School Life in Holland. By ALFRED ELWES.

"The author's best book, by a writer whose popularity with boys is great."—*Athenaeum.*

Guy Rivers;

Or, a Boy's Struggles in the Great World. By A. ELWES.

Ralph Seabrooke;

Or, The Adventures of a Young Artist in Piedmont and Tuscany.
By A. ELWES.

Frank and Andrea;

Or, Forest Life in the Island of Sardinia. By A. ELWES.

Paul Blake;

Or, the Story of a Boy's Perils in the Islands of Corsica and Monte Christo. By A. ELWES.

Ocean and her Rulers;

A Narrative of the Nations who have held dominion over the Sea; and comprising a brief History of Navigation. By ALFRED ELWES.

Lost in Ceylon;

The Story of a Boy and Girl's Adventures in the Woods and Wilds of the Lion King of Kandy. By WILLIAM DALTON.

The White Elephant;

Or, the Hunters of Ava. By WILLIAM DALTON.

The War Tiger;

Or, The Adventures and Wonderful Fortunes of the Young Sea-Chief and his Lad Chow. By W. DALTON.

"A tale of lively adventure vigorously told, and embodying much curious information."—*Illustrated News.*

Neptune's Heroes: or, The Sea Kings of England;

from Hawkins to Franklin. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

"We trust Old England may ever have writers as ready and able to interpret to her children the noble lives of her greatest men."—*Athenaeum.*

Historical Tales of Lancastrian Times.

By the Rev. H. P. DUNSTER, M.A.

"Conveys a good deal of information about the manners and customs of England and France in the 16th Century."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

The Fairy Tales of Science.

By J. C. BROUGH. With 16 Illustrations by C. H. BENNETT. New Edition, Revised throughout.

"Science, perhaps, was never made more attractive and easy of entrance into the youthful mind."—*The Builder.*

"Altogether the volume is one of the most original, as well as one of the most useful, books of the season."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

W. H. G. KINGSTON'S BOOKS FOR BOYS.

With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., price 5s. each, gilt edges.

True Blue;

Or, the Life and Adventures of a British Seaman of the Old School.

Will Weatherhelm;

Or, the Yarn of an Old Sailor about his Early Life and Adventures.

Fred Markham in Russia;

Or, the Boy Travellers in the Land of the Czar.

Peter the Whaler;

His early Life and Adventures in the Arctic Regions. Third Edition.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS, 3s. 6d. each, 4s. gilt edges.

Manco, the Peruvian Chief.**Mark Seaworth; a Tale of the Indian Ocean.****Salt Water; or Neil D'Arcy's Sea Life and Adventures.**

"There is about all Mr. Kingston's tales a spirit of hopefulness, honesty, and cheery good principle, which makes them most wholesome, as well as most interesting reading."—*Era.*

"With the exception of Capt. Marryat, we know of no English author who will compare with Mr. Kingston as a writer of books of nautical adventure."—*Illustrated News.*

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

Our Soldiers;

Or, Anecdotes of the Campaigns and Gallant Deeds of the British Army during the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Third Edition. Fcp. 8vo., price 3s.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

Our Sailors;

Or, Anecdotes of the Engagements and Gallant Deeds of the British Navy during the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. With Frontispiece. Third Edition. Price 3s.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

"These volumes abundantly prove that both our officers and men in the Army and Navy, have been found as ready as ever to dare, and to do as was dared and done of yore."

The Faithful Hound.

A Story in Verse, founded on fact. By LADY THOMAS. With Illustrations by H. WEIR. Imperial 16mo, price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Jack Frost and Betty Snow;

With other Tales for Wintry Nights and Rainy Days. Illustrated by H. Weir. Second Edition. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

LANDELL'S INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING WORKS.

The Boy's own Toy Maker.

A Practical Illustrated Guide to the useful employment of Leisure Hours. By E. LANDELL. Two Hundred Engravings. Seventh Edition. Royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d.

"A new and valuable form of endless amusement."—*Nonconformist.*

The Girl's Own Toy Maker,

And Book of Recreation. Fourth Edition. 200 Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.

Home Pastime;

Or, The Child's Own Toy Maker. With practical instructions. New Edition, price 3s. 6d., with the Cards, and Descriptive Letterpress.

* * * By this novel and ingenious "Pastime," Twelve beautiful Models can be made by Children from the Cards.

"As a delightful exercise of ingenuity, and a most sensible mode of passing a winter's evening, we commend the Child's own Toy Maker."—*Illustrated News.*

"Should be in every house blessed with the presence of children."—*The Field.*

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Fairy Land;

Or, Recreation for the Rising Generation, in Prose and Verse. By THOMAS and JANE HOOD. Illustrated by T. HOOD, Jun. Second Edition. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"These tales are charming. Before it goes into the Nursery, we recommend all grown up people should study 'Fairy Land.'"—*Blackwood.*

The Headlong Career and Woful Ending of PRECIOUS PIGGY. Written for his Children, by the late THOMAS HOOD. With a Preface by his Daughter; and Illustrated by his Son. Fourth Edition. Post 4to. fancy boards, price 2s. 6d., coloured.

"The Illustrations are intensely humourous."—*The Critic.*

Hand Shadows,

To be thrown upon the Wall. By HENRY BURSILL. First and Second Series, each containing Sixteen Original Designs. New and cheap Editions, 1s. each plain; 1s. 6d. coloured.

"Uncommonly clever—some wonderful effects are produced."—*The Press.*

Home Amusements.

A Choice Collection of Riddles, Charades, Conundrums, Parlour Games, and Forfeits. By PETER PUZZLEWELL, Esq., of Rebus Hall. New Edition, with Frontispiece by PHIZ. 16mo., 2s.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRIUMPHS OF STEAM," ETC.

The Triumphs of Steam;

Or, Stories from the Lives of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson. With Illustrations by J. GILBERT. Dedicated by permission to Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P. Third Edition. Small post 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. "A most delicious volume of examples."—*Art Journal*.

Meadow Lea;

Or, the Gipsy Children; a Story founded on fact. Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

Our Eastern Empire;

Or, Stories from the History of British India. Second Edition. With Illustrations. Royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d.; coloured, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

"These stories are charming, and convey a general view of the progress of our Empire in the East. The tales are told with admirable clearness."—*Athenaeum*.

Might not Right;

Or, Stories of the Discovery and Conquest of America. Illustrated by J. Gilbert. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d.; coloured, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

Rhymes and Pictures about Bread, Tea, Sugar, COTTON, COALS, and GOLD. By WILLIAM NEWMAN. 72 Illustrations. Price 2s. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured.

Each subject may be had separately, price 6d. plain, 1s. coloured.

Old Nurse's Book of Rhymes, Jingles, and Ditties.

Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Ninety Engravings. New Edition. Fcap. 4to., price 3s. 6d. plain, or 6s. coloured, gilt edges.

"The illustrations are all so replete with fun and imagination, that we scarcely know who will be most pleased with the book, the good-natured grandfather who gives it, or the chubby grandchild who gets it, for a Christmas-Box."—*Notes and Queries*.

Clara Hope;

Or, the Blade and the Ear. By MISS MILNER. Frontispiece by Birket Foster. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

Distant Homes;

Or, the Graham Family in New Zealand. By MRS. L. E. AYLMER. With Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Adventures and Experiences of Biddy DORKING and of the FAT FROG. Edited by MRS. S. C. HALL. Illustrated by H. Weir. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Historical Acting Charades;

Or, Amusements for Winter Evenings, by the author of "Cat and Dog," etc. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d. gilt edges.

"A rare book for Christmas parties, and of practical value."—*Illustrated News*.

The Story of Jack and the Giants:

With thirty-five Illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE. Beautifully printed.
Fcap. 4to. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"In Doyle's drawings we have wonderful conceptions, which will secure the book a place amongst the treasures of collectors, as well as excite the imaginations of children."—*Illustrated Times*.

Granny's Wonderful Chair;

And its Tales of Fairy Times. By FRANCES BROWNE. Illustrations by KENNY MEADOWS. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Early Dawn;

Or, Stories to Think about. Illustrated by H. WEIR. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Angelo;

Or, the Pine Forest among the Alps. By GERALDINE E. JEWESBURY, Illustrations by ABSOLON. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Tales of Magic and Meaning.

Written and Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL. Super-royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Cleverly written, abounding in frolic and pathos, and inculcates so pure a moral, that we must pronounce him a very fortunate little fellow, who catches these 'Tales of Magic,' as a windfall from 'The Christmas Tree'."—*Athenaeum*.

Peter Parley's Fagots for the Fire Side;

Or, Tales of Fact and Fancy. Twelve Illustrations. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Letters from Sarawak,

Addressed to a Child; embracing an Account of the Manners, Customs, and Religion of the Inhabitants of Borneo, with Incidents of Missionary Life among the Natives. By MRS. McDougall. Fourth Thousand, with Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

"All is new, interesting, and admirably told."—*Church and State Gazette*.

Clarissa Donnelly;

Or, The History of an Adopted Child. By GERALDINE E. JEWESBURY. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d. cloth; gilt edges, 4s.

The Discontented Children;

And How they were Cured. By M. and E. KIRBY. Illustrated by H. K. BROWNE (Phiz). Third edition, price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"We know no better method of banishing 'discontent' from school-room and nursery than by introducing this wise and clever story to their inmates."—*Art Journal*.

The Talking Bird;

Or, the Little Girl who knew what was going to happen. By M. and E. KIRBY. With Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Julia Maitland;

Or, Pride goes before a Fall. By M. and E. KIRBY. Illustrated by ABSOLON. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"It is nearly such a story as Miss Edgeworth might have written on the same theme."—*The Press*.

COMICAL PICTURE BOOKS.

Each with Sixteen large Coloured Plates, price 2s. 6d., in fancy boards, or mounted on cloth, 1s. extra.

Picture Fables.

Written and Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL.

The Careless Chicken;

By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES. By ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Funny Leaves for the Younger Branches.

By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES, of Burstenoudelafen Castle.

Laugh and Grow Wise;

By the Senior Owl of Ivy Hall.

Nursery Fun;

Or, the Little Folks' Picture Book. Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT.

"Will be greeted with shouts of laughter in any nursery."—*The Critic*.

The Remarkable History of the House that Jack

Built. Splendidly Illustrated and magnificently Illuminated by THE SON OF A GENIUS. Price 2s. in *fancy cover*.

"Magnificent in suggestion, and most comical in expression!"—*Athenaeum*.

A Peep at the Pixies;

Or, Legends of the West. By MRS. BRAY. Author of "Good St. Louis and his Times," etc. With Illustrations by Phiz. Super-royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d. ; coloured, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

"A peep at the actual Pixies of Devonshire, faithfully described by Mrs. Bray, is a treat to those who know little or nothing of the locality, her affection for her subject, her exquisite feeling for nature, and her real delight in fairy lore, have given a freshness to the little volume we did not expect. The notes at the end contain matter of interest for all who feel a desire to know the origin of such tales and legends."—*Art Journal*.

Sunday Evenings with Sophia;

Or, Little Talks on Great Subjects. By LEONORA G. BELL. Frontispiece by J. ABSOLON. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d.

Blind Man's Holiday;

Or, Short Tales for the Nursery. By the Author of "Mia and Charlie." Illustrated by ABSOLON. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Vicar of Wakefield;

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Printed by Whittingham. Illustrations by J. ABSOLON. Square fcap. 8vo. price 5s., cloth; 10s. 6d. antique morocco.

"Mr. Absolon's graphic sketches add greatly to the interest of the volume: altogether, it is as pretty an edition of the 'Vicar' as we have seen."—*Art Journal*.

"A delightful edition of one of the most delightful of works: the fine old type and thick paper make this volume attractive to any lover of books."—*Edinburgh Guardian*.

The Wonders of Home, in Eleven Stories.

By GRANDFATHER GREY. With Illustrations. Third Edition. Royal 16mo., 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The idea is excellent, and its execution equally commendable. The subjects are well selected, and are very happily told in a light yet sensible manner."—*Weekly News*.

Cat and Dog;

Or, Memoirs of Puss and the Captain. Illustrated by WEIR. Ninth Edition. Super-royal 16mo., 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Doll and Her Friends;

Or, Memoirs of the Lady Seraphina. By the Author of "Cat and Dog." Fifth Edition. Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE (Phiz). 2s. 6d plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Tales from Catland;

Dedicated to the Young Kittens of England. By an OLD TABBY. Illustrated by H. WEIR. Fifth Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Scenes of Animal Life and Character.

From Nature and Recollection. In Twenty Plates. By J. B. 4to., price 2s., plain; 2s. 6d., coloured, fancy boards.
 "Truer, heartier, more playful, or more enjoyable sketches of animal life could scarcely be found anywhere."—*Speculator*.

WORKS BY THE LATE MRS. R. LEE.

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals.

Fourth Edition. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds, REPTILES, and FISHES. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR.

Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

"Amusing, instructive, and ably written."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Mrs. Lee's authorities—to name only one, Professor Owen—are, for the most part first-rate."—*Athenaeum*.

Twelve Stories of the Sayings and Doings of ANIMALS. With Illustrations by J. W. ARCHER. Fourth Edition. Super-royal 16mo., 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Familiar Natural History.

With Forty-two Illustrations from Original Drawings by HARRISON WEIR. Super-royal 16mo., 3s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured gilt edges.

** May be had in Two Volumes, 2s. each plain; 2s. 6d. coloured, Entitled "British Animals and Birds." "Foreign Animals and Birds."

Playing at Settlers;

Or, the Fagot House. Illustrated by GILBERT. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Adventures in Australia;

Or, the Wanderings of Captain Spencer in the Bush and the Wilds. Third Edition. Illustrated by FROUT. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

The African Wanderers;

Or, the Adventures of Carlos and Antonio; embracing interesting Descriptions of the Manners and Customs of the Western Tribes, and the Natural Productions of the Country. Fourth Edition. With Eight Engravings. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d. cloth; gilt edges, 4s.

"For fascinating adventure, and rapid succession of incident, the volume is equal to any relation of travel we ever read."—*Britannia*.

ELEGANT GIFT FOR A LADY.

Trees, Plants, and Flowers;

Their Beauties, Uses and Influences. By Mrs. R. LEE. With beautiful coloured Illustrations by J. ANDREWS. 8vo., price 10s. 6d., cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"The volume is at once useful as a botanical work, and exquisite as the ornament of a boudoir table."—*Britannia*. "As full of interest as of beauty."—*Art Journal*.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF MAMMA'S BIBLE STORIES.

Fanny and her Mamma;

Or, Easy Lessons for Children. In which it is attempted to bring Scriptural Principles into daily practice. Illustrated by J. GILBERT. Third Edition. 16mo., 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Short and Simple Prayers,

For the Use of Young Children. With Hymns. Seventh Edition. Square 16mo., 1s. cloth.

"Well adapted to the capacities of children—beginning with the simplest forms which the youngest child may lisp at its mother's knee, and proceeding with those suited to its gradually advancing age. Special prayers, designed for particular circumstances and occasions, are added. We cordially recommend the book."—*Christian Guardian*.

Mamma's Bible Stories,

For her Little Boys and Girls, adapted to the capacities of very young Children. Thirteenth Edition, with Twelve Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

A Sequel to Mamma's Bible Stories.

Sixth Edition. Twelve Illustrations. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

Scripture Histories for Little Children.

With Sixteen Illustrations, by JOHN GILBERT. Super-royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

CONTENTS.—The History of Joseph—History of Moses—History of our Saviour—The Miracles of Christ.

Sold separately: 6d. each, plain; 1s. coloured.

The Family Bible Newly Opened;

With Uncle Goodwin's account of it. By JEFFERYS TAYLOR. Frontispiece by J. GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.

Good in Everything;

Or, The Early History of Gilbert Harland. By MRS. BARWELL. Author of "Little Lessons for Little Learners," etc. Second Edition, Illustrations by GILBERT. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured gilt edges.

THE FAVOURITE LIBRARY.

A Series of Works for the Young. Price 1s. each, cloth elegant.

1. THE ESKDALE HERD BOY. By LADY STODDART.
2. MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB.
3. THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS. By MRS. TRIMMER.
4. MEMOIR OF BOB, THE SPOTTED TERRIER.
5. KEEPER'S TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF HIS MASTER.
6. THE SCOTTISH ORPHANS. By LADY STODDART.
7. NEVER WRONG; or, THE YOUNG DISPUTANT; and "IT WAS ONLY IN FUN."
8. THE LIFE AND PERAMBULATIONS OF A MOUSE.
9. EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE. By MRS. TRIMMER.
10. RIGHT AND WRONG. By the Author of "ALWAYS HAPPY."
11. HARRY'S HOLIDAY. By JEFFERY TAYLOR.
12. SHORT POEMS AND HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

* * * The Twelve Volumes may be had bound uniformly in a handsome cloth Box, price 15s., or in Six Double Volumes 1s. 6d. each.

Glimpses of Nature;

And Objects of Interest described during a Visit to the Isle of Wight. By MRS. LOUDON. Second Edition. With Forty-one Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Tales of School Life.

By AGNES LOUDON. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Second Edition. Royal 16mo., 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Kit Bam, the British Sinbad;

Or, the Yarns of an Old Mariner. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE, illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Fcap. 8vo. price 3s. 6d.

The Day of a Baby Boy;

A Story for a Young Child. By E. BERGER. Illustrations by ABSOLON. Third Edition. Super-royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Visits to Beechwood Farm;

Or, Country Pleasures. By CATHERINE M. A. COUPER. Illustrations by ABSOLON. Price 3s. 6d., plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Stories of Julian and his Playfellows.

Written by HIS MAMMA. Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d., plain; 3s. 6d., coloured, gilt edges.

The Nine Lives of a Cat;

A Tale of Wonder. Written and Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Twenty-four Coloured Engravings. Price 1s., sewed.

Maud Summers the Sightless;

A Narrative for the Young. Illustrated by ABSOLON. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

London Cries and Public Edifices;

Illustrated in Twenty-four Engravings by LUKE LIMNER; with descriptive Letter-press. Square 12mo., 2s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured.

The Silver Swan;

A Fairy Tale. By MADAME DE CHATELAIN. Illustrated by JOHN LEECH. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Always Happy;

Or, Anecdotes of Felix and his Sister Serena. Nineteenth Edition, Illustrated by ANELAY. Royal 18mo., price 2s. cloth.

Bible Illustrations;

Or, a Description of Manners and Customs peculiar to the East, and especially Explanatory of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER. With Engravings. Fourth Edition. Revised by DR. KITTO, Editor of "The Pictorial Bible," etc. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The British History briefly told,

and a Description of the Ancient Customs, Sports, and Pastimes of the English. Embellished with Portraits of the Sovereigns of England in their proper Costumes, and 18 other Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Chit-chat;

Or, Short Tales in Short Words. By the author of "Always Happy." New Edition. With Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

Conversations on the Life of Jesus Christ.

By a MOTHER. With 12 Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

Cosmorama.

The Manners, Customs, and Costumes of all Nations of the World described. Numerous Illustrations. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

Easy Lessons;

Or, Leading-Strings to Knowledge. New Edition, with 8 Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Facts to correct Fancies;

Or, Short Narratives compiled from the Biography of Remarkable Women. By a MOTHER. With Engravings, 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

Fruits of Enterprise;

Exhibited in the Travels of Belzoni in Egypt and Nubia. Fourteenth Edition, with six Engravings by BIRKET FOSTER. Price 3s. cloth.

The Garden;

Or, Frederick's Monthly Instructions for the Management and Formation of a Flower Garden. Fourth Edition. With Engravings by SOWERBY. 3s. 6d. plain; or 6s. with the Flowers coloured.

How to be Happy;

Or, Fairy Gifts, to which is added a Selection of Moral Allegories. With Steel Engravings. Price 3s. 6d. cloth.

Infantine Knowledge.

A Spelling and Reading Book, on a Popular Plan. With numerous Engravings. Tenth Edition. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

Key to Knowledge;

Or, Things in Common Use simply and shortly explained. By the Author of "Always Happy." 13th Edition. Sixty Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.

The Ladder to Learning.

A Collection of Fables, arranged progressively in words of One, Two, and Three Syllables. Edited by Mrs. TRIMMER. With 79 Cuts. Nineteenth Edition. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Little Lessons for Little Learners.

In Words of One Syllable. By MRS. BARWELL. Tenth Edition, with numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Little Reader.

A Progressive Step to Knowledge. Fourth Edition. Price 2s. 6d.

Mamma's Lessons.

For her Little Boys and Girls. Fifteenth Edition, with eight Engravings. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

The Mine;

Or, Subterranean Wonders. An Account of the Operations of the Miner and the Products of his Labours. By the late Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. Sixth Edition, with numerous additions by MRS. LOUDON. 45 Woodcuts and 16 Steel Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Rhoda;

Or, The Excellence of Charity. Fourth Edition. 16mo., 1s. cloth.

Stories of Edward and his little Friends.

With 12 Illustrations. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

Stories from the Old and New Testaments,

On an improved plan. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER. With 48 Engravings. Fifth Edition. 12mo., 5s. cloth.

DURABLE NURSERY BOOKS,

MOUNTED ON CLOTH WITH COLOURED PLATES,

ONE SHILLING EACH.

1 Alphabet of Goody Two-Shoes.	8 Little Rhymes for Little Folks.
2 Cinderella.	9 Mother Hubbard.
3 Cock Robin.	10 Monkey's Frolic.
4 Courtship of Jenny Wren.	11 Old Woman and her Pig.
5 Dame Trot and her Cat.	12 Puss in Boots.
6 History of an Apple Pie.	13 Tommy Trip's Museum of Birds.
7 House that Jack built.	

PRICE SIXPENCE PLAIN, ONE SHILLING COLOURED.

1 British Birds.	9 Peacock at Home, and Butter-fly's Ball.
2 British Animals.	10 The History of Joseph.
3 _____ 2nd Series.	11 The History of Moses.
4 Foreign Birds.	12 The History of our Saviour.
5 Foreign Animals.	13 The Miracles of Christ.
6 _____ 2nd Series.	14 Children in the Wood.
7 The Farm and its Scenes.	15 Tom Thumb.
8 John Gilpin.	16 Valentine and Orson.

Trimmer's (Mrs.) Old Testament Lessons.
With 40 Engravings. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Trimmer's (Mrs.) New Testament Lessons.
With 40 Engravings. 1s. 6d. cloth.

The Daisy. Thirty Engravings. Price 1s. cloth. (1s. 6d. coloured.)

The Cowslip. Thirty Engravings. 1s. cloth. (1s. 6d. coloured.)

History of Prince Lee Boo. Price 1s. cloth.

DISSECTIONS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

In a neat box. Price 3s. 6d. each.

1. LIVES OF JOSEPH AND MOSES.	3. MOTHER HUBBARD AND DOG.
2. HISTORY OF OUR SAVIOUR.	4. LIFE AND DEATH OF COOK ROBIN.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

NEW GRAMMATICAL WORKS:

A Compendious Grammar and Philological Handbook of the English Language. For the use of Schools, and the Candidates for the Army and Civil Service Examinations. By J. STUART COLQUHOUN, Esq., Barrister-at-law. Price 2s. 6d. cloth.

"The work shows marks of considerable reading and independent thought."—*Literary Churchman*.

"It is just the book we should like to see introduced into Training Colleges."—*National Schoolmaster*.

"A book which will be a very real and useful accession to the list of English manuals."—*Educational Times*.

GEOMETRY AS TAUGHT IN GERMANY AND FRANCE:

The Essentials of Geometry, Plane and Solid, as taught in German and French Schools, with Shorter Demonstrations than those in Euclid. By J. R. MORELL, formerly one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Numerous Diagrams. Price 2s. cloth.

"There is not an Upper or Middle-Class School that is not interested in the new system of Geometry. This work, therefore, appealing to the sympathies of every Teacher, should be carefully considered."—*Scholastic Register*.

"A valuable addition to the *répertoire* of geometrical text-books."—*Engineer*.

Gaultier's Familiar Geography.

With a concise Treatise on the Artificial Sphere, and Maps, illustrative of the principal Geographical Terms. Sixteenth Edition. 3s. cloth.

Butler's Outline Maps, and Key;

Or. Geographical and Biographical Exercises; with a Set of Coloured Outline Maps. By the late WILLIAM BUTLER. Thirty-fourth Edition, corrected to the present time. Price 4s.

The First Book of Geography;

A Text Book for Beginners, and Guide to the Young Teacher. By HUGO REID. Fourth Edition, revised. 18mo., 1s. sewed.

"One of the most sensible little books on the subject of Geography we have met with."
—*Educational Times.*

Pictorial Geography.

For the use of Children. Presenting at one view Illustrations of the various Geographical Terms, and thus imparting clear and definite ideas of their meaning. On a Large Sheet. Price 2s. 6d. in tints; 5s. on Rollers, varnished.

Tabular Views of the Geography and Sacred History of Palestine, and of the Travels of St. Paul.

Intended for Pupil Teachers, and others engaged in Class Teaching. By A. T. WHITE. Oblong 8vo., price 1s., sewed.

Rhymes of Royalty.

The History of England in Verse, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA; with an Appendix, comprising a summary of the leading events in each reign. Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d. cloth.

True Stories from Ancient History,

Chronologically arranged from the Creation of the World to the Death of Charlemagne. 13th Edition. 24 Steel Engravings. 12mo., 5s. cloth.

True Stories from Modern History,

From the Death of Charlemagne to the present Time Eighth Edition. With 24 Steel Engravings. 12mo., 5s. cloth.

Mrs. Trimmer's Concise History of England,

Revised and brought down to the present time by MRS. MILNER. With Portraits of the Sovereigns. New Edition. 5s. cloth.

Battle Fields.

A graphic Guide to the Places described in the History of England as the scenes of such Events; with the situation of the principal Naval Engagements fought on the Coast. By MR. WAUTHIER. On a large sheet 3s. 6d.; or mounted on roller, and varnished, 7s. 6d.

The Modern British Plutarch;

Or, Lives of Men distinguished in the recent History of our Country for their Talents, Virtues and Achievements. By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D. Author of "A Manual of Ancient and Modern History." 4s. 6d. cloth. "A work which will be welcomed in any circle of intelligent young persons."—*British Quarterly Review*.

Harry Hawkins's H-Book;

Shewing how he learned to aspire his H's. Frontispiece by H. WEIR. Third Edition. Super-royal 16mo., price 6d. "No family or school-room within, or indeed beyond, the sound of Bow bells, should be without this merry manual."—*Art Journal*.

A Word to the Wise;

Or, Hints on the Current Improprieties of Expression in Writing and Speaking. By PARRY GWINNE. 12th Thousand. 6d. sewed, 1s. cloth. "All who wish to mind their p's and q's should consult this little volume."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Mrs. Lovechild's Child's Grammar,

Fiftieth Edition. 18mo., 9d. cloth.

The Prince of Wales' Primer.

With 300 Illustrations by J. GILBERT. Price 6d., ornamented cover.

Every-Day Things;

Or, Useful Knowledge respecting the principal Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Substances in common use. Second Edition. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Les Jeunes Narrateurs;

Ou Petits Contes Moraux. With a Key to the difficult words and phrases. By M. DE LA VOYE. Second Edition. 18mo., 2s. cloth.

The Pictorial French Grammar;

By M. DE LA VOYE. Eighty Illustrations. 1s. sewed; 1s. 6d. cloth.

Le Babillard.

An Amusing Introduction to the French Language. By a French Lady. Eighth Edition. With 16 Illustrations. 2s. cloth.

Rowbotham's New and Easy Method of Learning the FRENCH GENDERS. New Edition. 6d.**Bellenger's French Word and Phrase-book.**

For the Use of Beginners. New Edition, 1s. sewed.

Der Schwätzer;

Or, the Pratller. An amusing Introduction to the German Language, on the Plan of "Le Babillard." 16 Illustrations. Price 2s.

GEORGE DARNELL'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

The attention of all interested in the subject of Education is invited to these Works, now in extensive use throughout the Kingdom, prepared by Mr. George Darnell, a Schoolmaster of many years' experience.

1. COPY BOOKS.—A SHORT AND CERTAIN ROAD TO A GOOD HAND-WRITING, gradually advancing from the Simple Stroke to a superior Small-hand.

LARGE POST, Sixteen Numbers, 6d. each.

OBLONG FOOLSCAP, Twenty-four Numbers, 3d. each.

UNIVERSAL COPIES, Sixteen Numbers, Foolscap. Price 2d. each.

"For teaching writing I would recommend the use of Darnell's Copy Books. I have noticed a marked improvement wherever they have been used."—*Report of Mr. Maye (National Society's Organizer of Schools) to the Worcester Diocesan Board of Education.*

2. GRAMMAR, made intelligible to Children, price 1s. cloth.

3. ARITHMETIC, made intelligible to Children, price 1s. 6d. cloth.

* * Key to Parts 2 and 3, price 1s. cloth.

4. READING, a Short and Certain Road to, price 6d. cloth.

BY THOMAS DARNELL.

PARSING SIMPLIFIED: An Introduction and Companion to all Grammars; consisting of Short and Easy Rules, with Parsing Lessons to each. Third Edition, by THOMAS DARNELL. Price 1s. cloth.

"Sound in principle, singularly felicitous in example and illustration, and though brief, thoroughly exhaustive of the subject. The boy who will not learn to parse on Mr. Darnell's plan is not likely to do so on any other."—*Morning Post.*

WORKS ON ARITHMETIC AND ALGEBRA.

One Thousand Arithmetical Tests;

Or, The Examiner's Assistant. Specially adapted for Examination Purposes, but also suited for general use in Schools. By T. S. CAYZER, Head Master of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Bristol. Fifth Edition, revised and stereotyped. Price 1s. 6d. cloth.

* * Answers to the above, 1s. 6d. cloth.

One Thousand Algebraical Tests;

On the same plan. Second Edition. 8vo., price 3s. 6d. cloth.

ANSWERS to the Algebraical Tests, price 2s. 6d. cloth.

NEW WORK ON THE METRIC SYSTEM.

The Theory and Practice of the Metric System of Weights and Measures. By Professor LEONE LEVI, Hon. Sec. of the Metric Committee of the British Association. Price 1s. sewed; 1s. 6d. cloth.

"The work is exhaustive as to its matter, and valuable for its information."—*Educational Reporter.*

* * The Educational Code, 1871, prescribes that in all Schools the children in Standards V. and VI. should know the principles of the Metric System.



